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ASHBURIAN — 1979







WAVY BURGERS



ASHBURY COLLEGE

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SENIOR SCHOOL DIRECTOR

K.D. Niles, B.A.

ACTING JUNIOR SCHOOL DIRECTOR

J.S. Crockett

SCHOOL CHAPLAIN

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25 YEARS WITH RAY ANDERSON

About 50 years ago in Suffolk, England, an event occurred which people in those days would have termed a 'blessed event'.

About 50 years later, in Ottawa, another event occurred. This took place during the Old Boys' Reunion in November 1978 and was a tribute to Ray Anderson on the occasion of his 25th year at Ashbury. The individual in both cases was the same.

Thus the working of fate.

Often chance leads us to unusual places, and Ray Anderson must have been dismayed when he found himself plopped into the middle of a schoolboy world. These young innocents surely presented a strong contrast to the tough, masculine world of the armies of occupation with which he had served in Japan and Germany.

I can think of two reasons for a vigorous man to spend half his life in one occupation:

1. He gets into a rut. Not Anderson;
2. He is happy, stimulated, frustrated sometimes, but generally satisfied with a continuing worthwhile accomplishment. I think this is Ray Anderson.

And, of course, in this case, Ashbury is the winner.

At Ray's dinner eight or nine short tributes were presented by guests from among the large number of Old Boys who attended.

One seemed to me to be the most effective. 'Jeep' Green pointed out that Andy's influence among Ashbury's students was perhaps more widespread than that of any other teacher in the history of the school. Every boy in the senior school had felt his personality — on the sports fields — on duty days — in the gymnasium — on the parade ground; a strong, no-nonsense personality which only good schoolmasters possess.

Ray's character is strong. And he was integrity. He is not a follower of those who sway with the winds of change. Changes in the overall policy of any institution will always be considered, and some should be discarded. Andy will stand up and be heard in the latter case.

Twenty-five years. Time to allow sons of Andy's former students to receive the same proper gymnastic instruction from which their fathers profited. Time for this second generation to charge at the attack on the soccer field, urged on by Andy's penetrating and commanding tones, charging as their fathers did.

And time for a new gymnasium. Don't despair, Ray. You won't have to wait another 25 years.

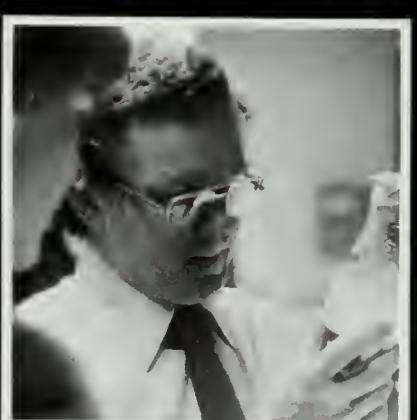
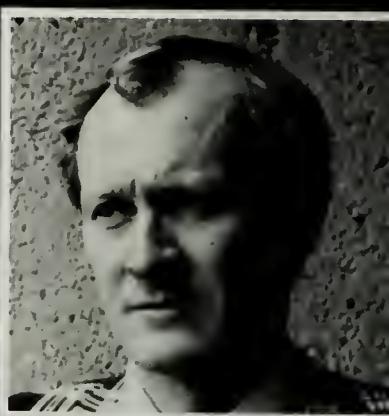
D.L.P.



Mr. Anderson with Mike Sherwood

FOOD
1





SHARE AND RADAR





R.J. Anderson



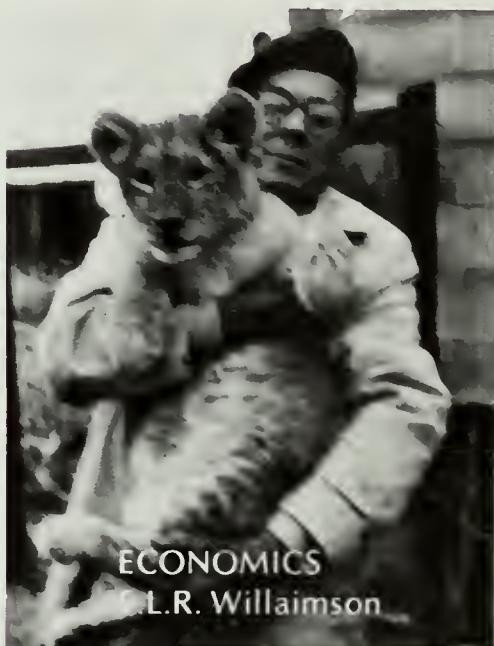
A. Heffernan



A. Elliot



BUSINESS
Mrs. J. Kennedy



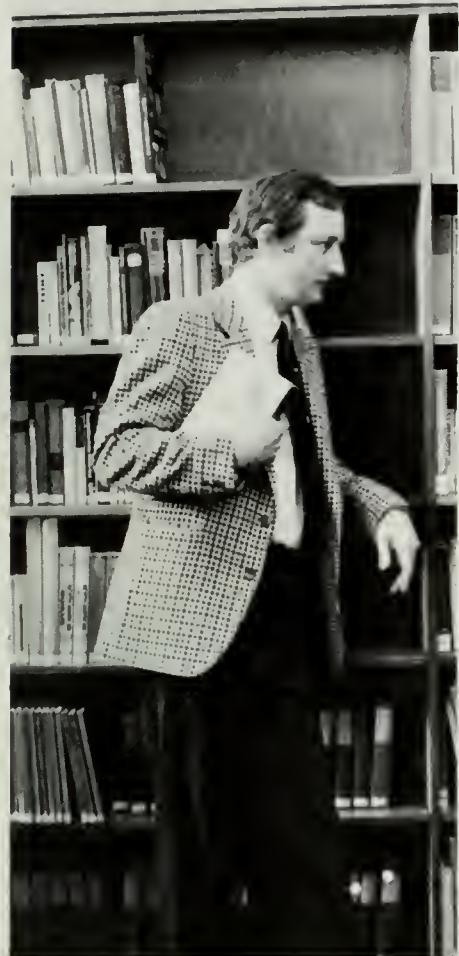
ECONOMICS
D.L.R. Williamson



ENGLISH
D. Lister



(At Mid-Page):
Mr. Williamson is holding the cub 'Magic' on route to a new home out West; the story was in last year's Ashburian. (Far Left): Mr. M.E. Jansen. (Left): Mr. R. Potter who returned to Stowe School in Buckinghamshire England, in Dec. 1978. Write-up on page 37.



H. Penton (English)



English as a second language: Mrs. K. Fort.

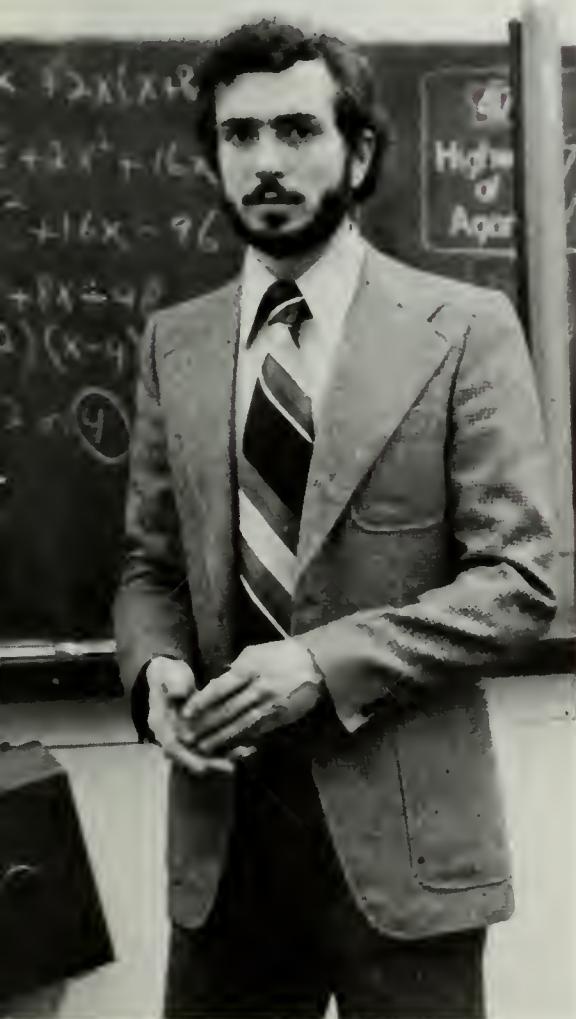


FRENCH: D. Morris



J. Glover

(Left): G. Lemele
Mrs. C. Monk



GEOGRAPHY: A. Macoun



(GEOGRAPHY): P. MacFarlane



HISTORY: H. Robertson



(HISTORY): G. Heyd



K. Niles (HISTORY)

MUSIC: A. Thomas



LIBRARY: R. Rice



(MUSIC): D. Brookes



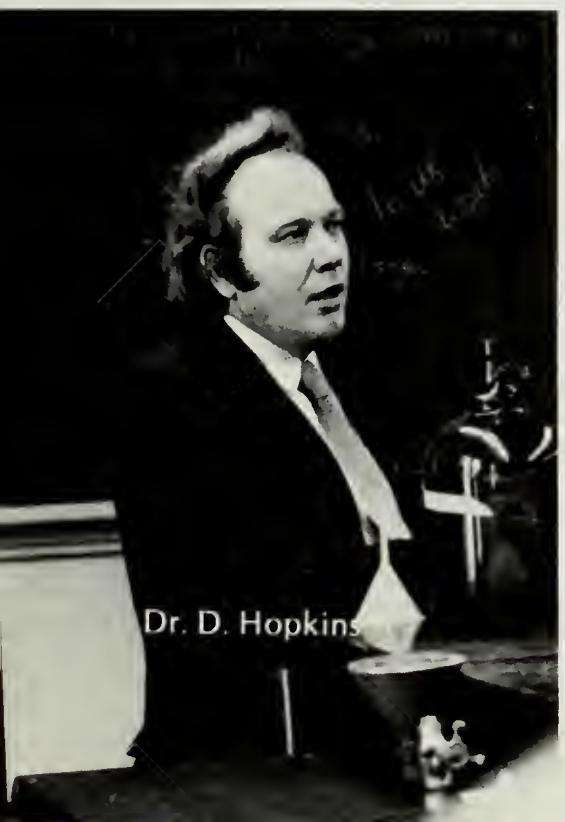
MATHEMATICS: R. Hinnell (Above)
D. Fox (Right)



W. Stableford (MA)



PUBLIC SPEAKING: E. Green



Dr. D. Hopkins



SCIENCE: (Left)
R. Williams.
M. Varley (Right).



STAFF LIST

R.J. Anderson, C.D. Army P.T. School. Director of Athletics.

G.W. Babbitt, C.D., R.C.N. Carleton University. Junior School English.

Mrs. Betty Babbitt, 1st Class Teacher's License (New Brunswick). Junior School Mathematics.

J.L. Beedell, B. Sc. (Carleton). Ontario Teachers' Certificate. Junior School Science and Outdoor Education.

D. Brookes, B.A. (Carleton), Music.

E.R. Chappell, B.A. (St. Francis Xavier), B.Ed. (University of Ottawa), M.A. (Instituto de Filología Hispanica).

J.S. Crockett, Teacher Training (Stanmills College, Belfast). Ontario Teachers' Certificate. Junior School English, Geography and Mathematics. Acting Head of the Junior School for 1978-1979.

Mrs. Karen Fort, B.A. (University of Toronto). Ontario Teachers' and English as a Second Language Certificates.

D.M. Fox, B. Math (Waterloo). Faculty of Education (Queen's). Mathematics and Chemistry.

J.A. Glover, M.A. (Oxon). French and German.

A. Heffernan, B.Ed. (Sherbrooke). Head Coach.

G.D. Heyd, M.A. (Toronto). Administrative Assistant. History.

R.A.L. Hinnell, B.Sc. (Bristol). Education Certificate. Head of the department of Mathematics.

D.E. Hopkins, PhD., BSc. (Hull, England). Ontario Teachers' Certificate. Head of the Department of Science.

J.H. Humphreys, Junior School Oral French and English.

M.E. Jansen, Academic Diploma in Education (London). B.A. (Carleton). Master-in-Charge of Years 4 and 5 Boarders. English. O.T.C.

Mrs. Jane Kennedy, B.A. (Mount St. Vincent). Business Studies.

G. Lemele, B.A. (Paris). French.

Mrs. D. Leachman, B.A. (Queen's), T.T.C. (British Columbia). Remedial Reading and Mathematics.

D.D. Lister, A.B. (Princeton), M.A. (York). Ontario Teachers' Certificate. Head of the Department of English.

P.G. MacFarlane, B.A. (Carleton), B.Ed. (Queen's). Geography.

A.M. Macoun, M.A. (Oxon). Academic Administrator. Head of the Department of Geography.

Mrs. S.L. MacSkimming, B.A. (University of California at Berkeley). Remedial Reading.

Mrs. C. Monk, B.A. (Faculté des Arts de Lyon), Cambridge Language Diploma (Paris). French.

D. Morris, B.A. (Hons) (University of Toronto) M.A. (Linguistics) (Essex).

H. Penton. B.A. (Carleton). English and History. On Exchange at Stowe School, England, until December 1978.

D.L. Polk, B.A. (Dartmouth). English, French, Geography, History, Latin, in the Junior School.

D.C. Polk, B.A. (Carleton), Junior School History and English.

R.M. Potter, M.A. (Oxon.). Master-in-charge of Years 1,2, and 3 Boarders. In exchange with Mr. Penton until December 1978.

R.D. Rice, B.A. (Trent). Librarian.

H.J. Robertson, B.A. (South Africa). Ontario Teachers' Certificate; Head of the Department of History. Master-in-Charge of Years 1 and 2 Dayboys.

W.E. Stableford, B.A. (Western), Dip. Ed. (Western). Ontario Teachers' Certificate. Mathematics.

A.C. Thomas, Bachelor of Music (Manchester, England), Certificate and Diploma in Education. Director of Music. French.

J. Valentine, B.A. (Manitoba). Junior School French and History.

G.R. Varley, B.A. (Concordia). Biology.

Mrs. M.A. Varley, Quebec Teaching Certificate. Art.

R.A. Williams, B.Ed. (Western), B.Sc. (McMaster). Ontario Teachers' Certificate. Physics and Calculus.

E.L.R. Williamson, M.A. (Carleton). Ontario Teachers' Certificate. Economics.

Dr. Rowan-Legg M.D., D.C.H., F.A.A.P.

Dr. Petrie M.D.

Mrs. E.E. Hamilton, School Nurse

B. Wallin, M.A. (Stanford), Bursar.

Mrs. J.J. Marland, Matron.

Mrs. Olive Thurston, Headmaster's Secretary.

Mrs. Ethel V. Pryde, Accountant.

Mrs. June Gensey, School Secretary.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bury, School Secretary.

Mrs. Ann Valiquette, Bookkeeper.

Mrs. Nan Watt, Junior School Matron
Mrs. M. Dalton, Nurse's Aid.

Ms. Margaret Dalby, Development.

Ms. Aline Chalifoux, Forum.

J.B. Turner, B.A. (Ottawa), Development and Forum.

M. Taticek, Chef.

OTHER STAFF

ETHEL'N JUNE

Ethel came to Ashbury in 1957, June in 1960. They were fast friends in Edinburgh before they emigrated to Canada and one feels that this friendship has enriched all who come their way — and all do: as School Secretary, June is the first contact most parents have with Ashbury either over the phone or in person; she is unfailingly polite, with a cheerful zest and concern for others' welfare that confers a blessing on the hectic and perhaps humdrum routine of school life. Practically all messages pass from her to members of the staff. How different life would be if she were not so genuine! Ethel, too, is a girl for all seasons with a patience, loyalty and warmth that seem inseparable from her Scottish accent — as if one can not imagine these qualities in anyone unless they are graced by that distinctive Edinburgh burr. Ethel handles the staff and student accounts with a buoyant energy and good humour that turns one's payment of an account into a refreshing pause, although Ethel herself never seems to stop working.

D.D.L.



ETHEL PRIDE

JUNE GENSEY



(Above Left): Mrs. Elizabeth Bury. (Left): Mrs. Olive Thurston, Mrs. Ann Valiquette. (Below): Katy.



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(Above): Mrs. Ros Marland. (Below): Ms. Margaret Dalby. (Right): Mr. Bruce Wallin.



(Below): Ms. Aline Chalifoux.



(Above): Chef Mark Taticek.



(Above): Mrs. Brunet and Mrs. Ryan.



CAM ANDERSON

Cam arrived at Ashbury in 1977. He has contributed immensely to various aspects of school life such as swimming, rugby, Continuum discussions and, most importantly, doing what he calls "looking after the zoo" by being a prefect on the second flat. His goal — because of his experience as a boarder? — is a psychology degree at Queen's. Two memories that appeal to him this year are (a) the weekend glass-collecting club, and (b) waking up in June.

Your reason and your passion are the rudder and the sails of your seafaring soul . . . Kahlil Gibran.

LES BEJKOSALAJ

Les, born an Albanian revolutionary, came to Ashbury to be re-programmed in 1974; he says the process has been entirely successful and he intends to take Commerce at Queen's. He played football and hockey here. "It's been a long time," he says and he suggests that, if you can't go to Miss Westgate, then MacDonald's, The Saucy Noodle or Harvey's will have to do.

*The song never dies, just the singer . . .
The Cooper Brothers*



BRIAN BAXTER

Brian comes close to being what you might call 'a lifer'; he came to Ashbury in grade 7. His school sports are football and rugger but his real passion is mountaineering! To this interest he adds the specialty of outdoor living. Brian has shown a talent for drama by performing in *Animal Farm* and *The Crucible* and by working as assistant director for the Junior play called *Taran*. His help, says D.D.L., was invaluable. Brian intends, with that marked independence which he has always shown at Ashbury, to take a year off to travel and, of course, to climb.

No man who worships education has got the best out of education . . . Without a gentle contempt for education, no gentleman's education is complete. G.K. Chesterton.



ALEC BOYD

Even though this is Alec's first year in Ashbury, he has quickly won the respect of classmates and teachers alike with his good-natured personality. Besides homework, his favourite pastimes are skiing, football, soccer, golf, volleyball and tennis. He helped organize dances including the formal. He plans to attend U.B.C. for Engineering.

The greatest pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do. Walter Bagehot.



MIKE BENNETT

Michael's particular interest is high finance (he is writing a book on the imminent collapse of the economy) and he has had fledgling experience in the Cleaning Company and the Tuckshop to reinforce this interest. His other activities have included time-keeping at football games and chapel serving. Mike is both easy-going and determined: he has a ready smile and is always eager to tell you how to make a profit by exchanging currencies. We look forward to celebrating the opening of the Bennett Gymnasium (after your second million, Mike).

Fools say they learn from experience while I have always contrived to learn from others. Lord Bismarck.

ROSS BROWN

Ross yearly distinguishes himself in the Waterloo Mathematics Contest. Not surprisingly, he is aiming for a computer science co-op program with a pure math minor at Waterloo. Ross is on the Board of Stewards and has helped produce the newsheet Information Ashbury. Other jobs include doing the thankless job of the Junior School Colour Board, lighting for school plays and proofreading The Ashburian (his accuracy is phenomenal). He particularly enjoys curling competitively, and the team effort (he's the skip) of beating Ridgemont 5-3 is a personal high point this year.

He does not seem to me a free man that does not sometimes do nothing. Cicero.





WAYNE CHODIKOFF

Wayne has handled his duties as head prefect with quiet tact and good grace; he knows how to stay cool under fire, a quality that will serve him well in the doctoring he hopes to do after University of Toronto. In addition to all this, he still is a top student while doing some debating, cycling, skiing, soccer, squash and tennis. All at once? Anyway, it all goes to prove:

Good things come in small packages.

JEAN-GASTON DESCOTEAUX

Jean-Gaston's two year career at Ashbury has been a highly successful one indeed. He has amassed an impressive list of accomplishments as a member of the hockey team, the Board of Stewards and the Prefects. J-G is heading for Ottawa University before going on for medicine. We trust that those long hours breeding fruit flies in Mr. Varley's lab will pay off! If J-G's perseverance in the face of flying pucks, uncooperative flies and tons of functions homework is any indication, he shouldn't have any problems in attaining his goals.

Let the truth of love be lighted,/Let the love of truth shine clear:/Sensibility/Armed with sense and liberty,/With the heart and mind united/In a single perfect sphere.



NARIMAN ESLOMIAN

Nariman is one of the quieter boarders of the school. He was born in Iran and is reputed to be the long, lost cousin six times removed of the Shah, and came to Ashbury in September of '77. Nariman enjoys swimming, wrestling and skiing, and when tired he likes a good game of chess. After graduating from grade 13 he will move on to Ottawa 'U' to study computer sciences.

JUSTIN FOGARTY

Justin came to Ashbury in 1973, and has never looked back (although we have!). Justin (alias "Bog Irishman", "Dick Decent", etc.) has actively pursued a variety of sports, including football, tennis, alpine skiing, and dancing. When he has to, he finds time to continue his studies. Justin hopes to take economics at Ottawa U. next year, with an eye towards a future Law career ("possibly at the Robert Redford School for the Hopelessly Good-looking"). What he remembers most about his last year at Ashbury are his duties as a Prefect and the fellowship of the Year 5 students. His graduation will mark the passage of another chapter in the Ashbury College Book of Unique Personalities!

It is only prudent not to place complete confidence in that by which I have once been deceived. René Descarte.



JOEL GALLAMAN

Joel first came to Ashbury in 1974 and has prospered as a senior member of the boarding community. Joel's myriad extracurricular activities have given him a reputation of great ability at everything he does; he enjoys football, tennis, water-skiing, alpine skiing, baseball and fishing, and cuts a fine figure on the dance floor. The high point of each week, for the boarders at least, may well have been Joel blow-drying his hair; who is to say what the impact of this ritual was on the awed crowd of assembled yokels? He intends to take an arts course at either McGill or Concordia and would like to study fashion in New York after that.

I would like to know what this whole show is all about before its out. Piet Hein.



TIM FORQUMAR

An eight year veteran of the school, Tim has been a colourful member of the graduating class. He combines athletic skill and toughness with a genuine good humour that enables him to get on with everyone. His football and hockey exploits are recorded elsewhere in this magazine.

When I die, they say I'll go to heaven./ But I would rather go where my friends are.





PETER GOEBBELS

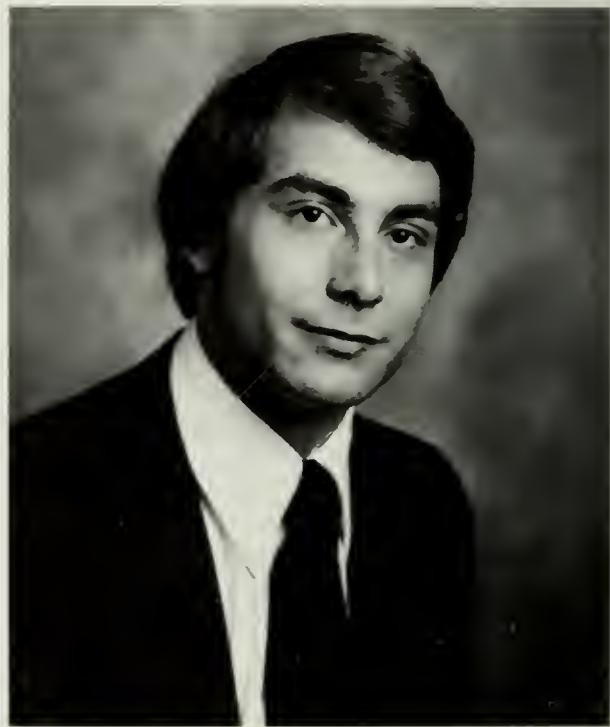
Peter's first year was in the fall of '77. While not well known as a studious, hardworking lad, he does stand a chance at graduating. He is better known on the playing fields where he enjoys football, hockey, skiing and tennis. In his spare time he goes to dances, listens to music or rides his motorcycle. Next year he plans to go to Ottawa 'U' and the year after to Queen's to study law. His optimism about life is shown by a lyric from the Cooper Brothers:

The dream never dies, just the dreamer.

JEFF JACKSON

Jeff was one of Ashbury's vaunted designated imports this year. He hails from the Windy City. Jeff's a travelling poet on his way to fame and fortune. He plays football, skis, golfs and smokes like a chimney. He also demonstrates considerable prowess in backgammon and an excellent taste in music. He would like to pursue an arts program in the Ivy League, heading towards either Law or Journalism. The acquaintance has been short but sweet, you might say.

Come in dear boy. Have a cigar. Pink Floyd.



BRUCE HICKS

Bruce has been at Ashbury on and off (mostly off) since 1973, and has had one of the more colourful careers of any student in recent history. Bruce ("Bishop Hicks") is famous for his dynamic role in the school's worship program, as a member of the Board of Stewards and, in his own words, as a person "who likes to interfere in the organization of any activity that takes place." He confesses to liking "soccer with the girls". He hopes to study Political Science at McGill, although he might be better suited to the bar. Bruce's dauntless cheerfulness and ready wit (when it's ready) will be sorely missed.

The more control, the more that requires control: this is the road to chaos. Pan Spechi aphorism.

SHAWN LAVERY

Shawn came to Ashbury in September of 1972 for grade 7. While he enjoys football, basketball and cross-country skiing, he is better known for his academic achievements. Because of his size, which is in no way lacking, he played on the first football team, although this year he managed the team. Outside the academic field Shawn's activities are limited, but he does enjoy dances and the like. Next year he plans to go to Western Ontario to study accounting or possibly law. As parting word he leaves us with the following:

Life, my son, is like a chess match. Each move must be carefully considered, and its long-term implications weighed against reality. A Father's advice to his son, on his 18th birthday.



IAN KAYSER

Ian has been at Ashbury for a number of years. His talent on the football field has won him a place on the first football team for the last three years. Besides football, Ian tosses a mean javelin which made him one of the best in past Provincial competitions. Along with his prefect duties, Ian was on the dance committee. His future is not certain as yet, but wherever he finds himself, we wish him the best of luck.



MICHAEL LOWDER

Michael was born in Bedford, England and first came to Ashbury in the fall of '77. He seems to like lots of action as he loves downhill skiing, drag racing and road racing, not necessarily in that order. He is not sure where he will go on from here or what he will do, but wherever the winds take him, we wish him lots of success.





JOHN LUND

John has really come into his own this year. As editor of this yearbook it was he who decided on our distinctive divider pages, indeed, the design of the magazine is his and shows an increased consistency and artistic standard over previous years. John has also left his mark by performing over the years in *The Journey* by Eva Garbary, *Animal Farm* (adapted by D.D.L.), *Unman*, *Wittering* and *Zigo* by Giles Cooper and *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller. This year he has served on the Outreach Committee. In his seven years at Ashbury John has enjoyed soccer, softball, broomball, curling and sailing. He has also invented his own simulation games. At university he hopes to take economics, journalism and drama. A varied career all round!

*... You may never understand
How the stranger is inspired
But he isn't always evil
And he isn't always wrong...
Billy Joel*



CHRIS MONTERO

Chris came to Ashbury for the first time last year. He was born in Ecuador and after six years in Germany moved to Canada. As a result he speaks Spanish, German and English fluently. He enjoys soccer and was on the first team in the Fall. Where he will go on from here, he is not sure of yet, but whatever he does, we wish him the best.



GORDON McLEAN

After being born in Montreal, Quebec, Gordon came to the school in '74. Being a rough and ready guy he enjoys rugby and football with skiing on the side. His favourite hobby is playing trouble, and not the game with a pop-a-matik. Gordon can't wait 'till the barbecue, so he can stuff himself, and Closing Day because "this is where it ends". His philosophy of life can be briefly stated with the quotation by Ian Drury which simply states:

Sex, drugs and Rock and Roll.

And if you're taken in by all this macho talk, turn to last year's Ashburian and read some poetry he wrote. A complex and sensitive guy whom we'll miss!

IAN MORTON

Ian came to Ashbury way back in '73. He enjoys squash, golf and swimming and does quite well in them. Ian has some talent for acting as can be seen from the school plays he has been in. He is also a part-time debater, a talent that does not surprise Mr. Niles who mentions Ian's innate talent for metaphysical distinctions in the Theory of Knowledge class.



JIM MOORE

Jim joined us in '74 and has, he says, wandered about the halls in a stupor ever since. He enjoys baseball, downhill skiing and has a vicious toe-kick in league soccer. Next year he will go to Queen's to take engineering. Jim leaves Ashbury knowing-exactly what-nobody is sure of. Why he chose the following quotation by Michel Eyquem de Montaigne is beyond the scope of this publication, but here goes:

The value of life lies not in the length of days, but in the use we make of them.

Right on, Jim!

FRANK MOZER

Frank was born in Wakefield, Quebec and entered grade 11 in '76. This year he was on the Board of Stewards and joined Mr. Hinnell's class for unique (disadvantaged) mathematical geniuses. Anyway, he plays soccer, tennis, and, strange fellow, enjoys jogging. Next September he hopes to go to McGill University to take either engineering or basketweaving. The most important thing he learned at Ashbury, he says, is tolerance of other people and how to accept things as they are.

*Wanderers in that happy valley through two luminous windows
saw spirits moving musically to a lute's well-tuned law;
Round about a throne, where sitting in state his glory well
befitting, the ruler of the realm was seen. Edgar Allan Poe.*





FRANK NEL

Frank came to Ashbury last year after being brought up in South Africa. He enjoys cycling, water-skiing, tennis and water polo and made it on the first football team as a crazed Cape Buffallow. He says that he is "looking forward to a most unusual closing ceremony", whatever that is supposed to mean. He is going to McGill next fall to take engineering. As a parting word he quotes Joshua Nkomo:

I always have lots of advice to give, it may not be worth anything, but its free.

BERNIE O'MEARA

Very little can be said about Bernie (or Barney, if you prefer) that is suitable for a brief resumé of this type. Bernie came here in 1976 and has done his best to remain out of the public eye (he staunchly refuses to sign autographs). He did manage, however, to play on both the football and soccer teams in successive years, and he participates heavily in such extracurricular activities as Math tutorials. Renowned for his staff impressions (his repertoire includes Messers Stableford, Williamson, Heyd and Niles), he claims that his fondest memory of school life is the time Mr. Stableford smiled (10:23 a.m., Friday, February 16th, 1979). Bernie expects to attend the Pembroke Institute of Horticulture, or Ottawa U. for Phys. Ed. next year.



HENRY NG

Henry was born in the Orient and came to Ashbury in 1977 after taking the wrong bus in downtown Hong Kong. He liked it and decided to stay. He isn't much of an athlete but does enjoy floor hockey. Another reason that he left Hong Kong might be because he got his driver's license and would like to explore this continent. After leaving grade 13 Henry plans to go to Carleton University to study mechanical engineering.

DAVE PIGOTT

David and his Opel came to Ashbury in '75 and after a year's absence returned to complete grade 13. After being asked what sports he plays, he listed a long series of sports, but at the end said: "What the hell, I'll try anything." He was a member of the formal committee, the Bruce Hicks Fan Club, helped organize the Talent Show and started Ashbury's first Grand Prix grocery cart racing. (We all have our problems). Next fall he plans to go to Queen's to study pre-med.



MICHAEL PUTTICK

Mike's been at Ashbury since grade five and much to the distress of his classmates has steadfastly refused to leave. He is infamous for his bad puns which won't be missed when he leaves this year. The groans of his latest pun still echo off the walls in the bio. lab. In fitting with his character, Mike punted for the football team (no punt intended). Next fall he is going to 'U' of 'O' to study a pre-med science course. His music talents are lacking as can be heard when the band practices, more proof to this fact is that he is "into hard rock." Mike's life can be summed up in three famous words by Steve Martin:

Well, excuse me!

ABBEY RAIKLES

Abby has been at Ashbury since 1974. He plays football, softball and lacrosse; his athletic contributions to the school are rounded out by his quiet competence as a prefect and his unfailing good nature. Next fall he hopes to go to McGill to study either medicine or commerce.

Truly, circumstances alter cases, but circumstances do not change the principles. Egerton Ryerson — The Story of My Life.





PETER ROBERTSON

Peter is one of the few boarders who is not a member of the Weekend Bottle Collecting Club; rather he engages in the Smith-Robertson Philosophical Discussions, prefect duties, first soccer, Mother Tucker's apple pie with cream on top and is notorious for his sweet tooth. Peter plans to attend Trent University for Environmental and Resources Studies and Third World development and wants to travel extensively to see the world as:

Education is an admirable thing; but it is well to remember that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught. Oscar Wilde.

BERNIE SEYFERTH

Bernie "moose" Seyferth lumbered into Ashbury in '77 when he entered grade 12. Ever since the first day students and teachers alike have looked up to him, except when he is sitting down. Naturally Bernie played first football and occasionally the field. He also enjoys volleyball, tennis and basketball. Bernie was made a prefect since they needed a 'hit man' — "want your face broken?" But under all that brawn is a nice guy. He was on the Board of Stewards and generally helped in organizing activities like the ice sculpturing — 'artistic watchamacallit'. Next fall Bernie is off to the Northern Alberta Institute of Technology to study forestry, no doubt to become another Paul Bunyan.



BOB SHULAKEWYCH

"Bulb" the mad Ukrainian, first came to Ashbury in 1974. He enjoys football, and, no doubt due to his size, he is quite good at it. He also plays baseball, and is an avid chess fan. When he graduates, Bob is going to Ottawa "U" to study science. As a piece of advice, he says: "you can't beat the system at Ashbury, so you might as well make the best of it." It isn't original, but then, who is?



JOHN SEZLIK

Although this was JK's first and last year, he has left his mark on the soccer field and the hockey rink. With his talents the first soccer team managed to make it to the finals. He also enjoys a relaxing game of golf or chess. Together with his younger brother, they have left a favourable impression on the grade 13 day boys' form. Next year he plans to attend either Western or Queen's.



PAUL SMITH

Paul was born in Tacoma Wash. and this was his first year at the school. He is an outdoorsperson, enjoying fishing, camping, swimming and canoeing. Next year he is either attending U.B.C. or Ryerson to take electrical engineering. He was greatly influenced by the famous Doctor Hopkins, as can be seen from his chosen quotation:

"Right chaps! We're movin' on . . . "

ROBIN SMITH

Robin has graced Ashbury with his presence ever since he first put his left feet into grade ten. Forgetting his two left feet, Robin is a good soccer player and is even better as a freestyle skier. He was also on the formal committee. Like many (too many in fact) of his classmates he is looking forward to the closing ceremonies. After a brief period of meditation, Robyn is going to U of T to study archaeology. His positive attitude about school is brought forward with the quotation from Paul Simon:

When I think back on all the crap I learned in high school, it's a wonder I can think at all.





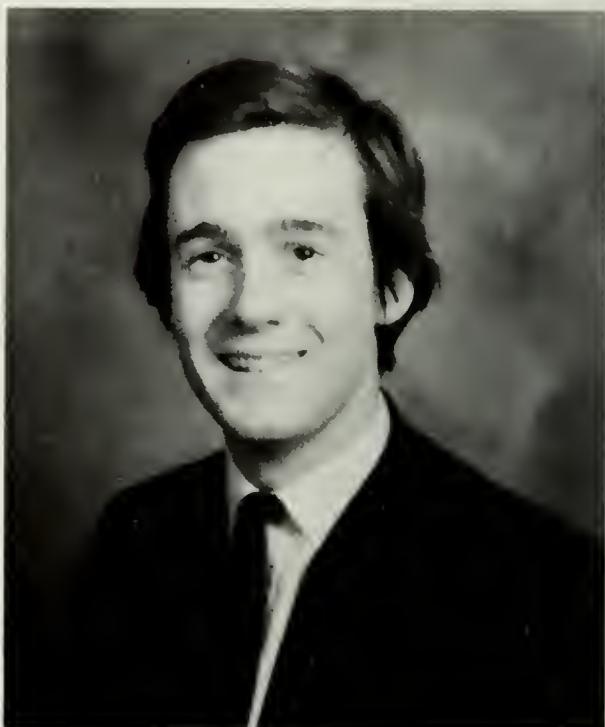
STEPHEN SUH

Stephen, born in Montreal, came to Ashbury in 1974 but took a year off to sample boarding life at T.C.S. He enjoys curling, cross-country skiing, the marathon and cycling. Chess and the Ashburian are also part of his activities. He hopes to take commerce at Queen's. He points out that "a person has to study either for the love of it or be into S-M; an Ontario scholarship (for achieving 80%) works out to approximately \$.07 per hour of study time." We hope he improves his hourly income.

BRUCE TAYLOR

Bruce ("Pinhead") Taylor is a long-standing member of the Ashbury boarding community, and is justly famous both for his uncanny ability to shirk any unlooked-for responsibility and to muss his hair in even the weakest breezes. Seriously though, Bruce has had much to contribute to school life: he is an active tennis player, climber, snowshoer and skier, and he has undertaken the task of organizing the school's fledgling Foster Child sponsorship program (after much prodding and arm-twisting from cohort David Welch!). Bruce will take his half-inch-wide ties and collarless shirts to the University of Victoria this fall, where he plans to study Physics and Astronomy.

Make not your thoughts your prisons. William Shakespeare.



TONY WANG

Who will ever be able to forget that mysterious figure, bent over his poorly-illuminated desk in the wee hours of the morning, desperately attempting to finish his functions prep before the Breakfast Bell goes? Tony Wang has acquired a reputation as a studious, resourceful, and personable student in his lone year at Ashbury (although he's known as a truly terrible soccer player!) Tony hails from Hong Kong, and brought with him a wicked sense of humour. He is reputed to have won the Upper Flat Insult Competition beating Bruce Hicks in the final round by a TKO. Tony hopes to turn Professional next year at the University of Toronto.

PIERRE VANASSE

Pierre came to Ashbury in the fall of '74. His favourite sports are tennis, broomball and skiing. Pierre's driving exploits are heard far and wide as a little streak of yellow flashes by. Last year he organized the Maintenance Company and with his valuable experience he hopes to enter Ottawa "U" or Western to take business administration. His driving techniques and life can be summed up by:

*Where there's a will,
There's a way.*



TIM WARREN

Tim's cartoon of Mr. Niles' office in last year's Ashburian will long be remembered. He lists his school activities as "the ones I can't escape from." His favourite sports are "hide and seek and bull leaping." He insists that he'll settle for nothing less than Oxford University or Kemptville to pursue his interests in "fish farming in desert regions."

*He that lets
The small things bind him
Leaves the great
Undone behind him. Piet Hein.*

DAVE WELCH

The award for the best quotation must surely go to Dave. A veteran of Ashbury life (1971), he plays soccer, curling, and basketball and, in addition to being a prefect, he is involved in the Board of Stewards, debating, chess, Continuum and Ashbury's fosterchild program. He describes himself as "a hopeless optimist whose policy is to abjure promulgating obfuscatory syntactical anomalies of a brobdingnagian nature." Watch out U of T! Here is Dave's award winning quotation:

There is great disorder under heaven, and the situation is excellent. Mao.





CHARLES ZWIREWICH

Chuck has been at Ashbury since Grade 5, and his graduation is long-overdue! He has become somewhat of a landmark at the school. Chuck has thoroughly enjoyed his many years at Ashbury, and his contributions to school life have been many and varied. He enjoys curling, softball, canoeing and snooker, and has held positions with the Board of Stewards, Inreach Committee, Information Ashbury, and Continuum. He hopes to take Natural Science at Western next year, and intends to pursue a degree in medicine. With him goes Ashbury's last genuine Prognathus Jaw (see photo).

Be patient now, my soul; thou hast endured still worse than this. Homer-The Odyssey.

GRADE 12 GRADUATES

STEPHANE PERRON

Stephane the French cowboy, has been at Ashbury for a number of years. Stephane is an avid soccer player and will try any other sport that comes along. He participates in the photography club and is quite good with a camera, as can be seen from many pictures in present and past Ashburians. If he isn't in the dark room, then he can be found snoozing in the back of french class. Stephane is in grade 12, but is leaving this year to get an early start in life. What ever he does in the future, we are sure that he will be successful!



CAM
MORRISON



For a write-up of
Cam and David see
page 93

DAVID
TAMBLYN

FORMS I



9A (Front): Freitag, H., Blair, M., Futterer, M., Fraser, S., Fillion, A., Bokovoy, P., Desjardins, C., Brown A., Matthews, M. (Back): Mr. H.J. Robertson, Baxter, J., Ellis, S., Bobinski, J., Chow, E., Caza, M., Campeau, B., Ashworth, F., Welch, D., (Form prefect). Missing: Bobinski, E., Deernsted, G.



9G (Front): Kyssa, A., Khan, A., Horwood, P., Hall, D., Moonje, D., Lemvig-Fog, D., Grainger, S., MacMahon, J. (Back): Mr. G.R. Varley, Miner, M., Latta, R., Lister, A., Mann, R., Gamble, D., Milroy, R., Lister, J.



9N (Front): Scoles, J., Sellers, T., Naisby, S., Yull, D., Przednowek, M., Ruddock, M., Nipperdey, A. (Back): Mr. R. A. Williams, Wickens, S., Young, D., Wilson, G., Pelletier, D. Missing: Wickham, J.



10A (Front): Freeth, M., Dewhurst, I., Daniels, J., Cormley, B., Bejkosalaj, T., Hall, K., Groves, T. (Back): Mr. D.M. Fox, Clyde, A., Cadieux, F., Corbett, D., Bossons, B., Mozer, F. (Form Prefect). Missing: Gauvreau, F.



10K (Front): Mierins, J., Morrison, B., Molozzi, M., Konrad, R. (Back): Keenan, K., Murray, S., Kriegler, A., Owen, D., Vanasse, P. (form prefect), Mr D D. Lister



10R (Front): Williamson, T., Raina, D., Tamblyn, R., von Roijen, J., Wright, C., del Villar, S., Steele, P. (Back): Fogarty, J. (form prefect), Rosenberg, M., Smith, A., Wirth, C., Stone, D., von Wendt, T. Missing: Welch, S., Mr D. Morris



11A (Front): Kirlin, J., Goudie, G., Kronick, M., Johnston, A., Hierlihy, P., Khedmatgoazar, M., Assaly, S., Andrews, D. (Back): Mr. G.J. Lemele, Aris, C., Haslam, R., Kirkwood, J., Dym, J., Habets, R., Eddy, J., Kremer, M. Missing: Gardner, S. Form prefect, Chodikoff, W.



11L (Front): Parks, R., Scherning, G., Paterson, A., Porreca, F., Mozer, S., Schnubb, A., Nader, J., Petrakos, G., Reeves, A. (Back): Mr. P.G. MacFarlane, Nesbitt, M., Reeves, S., Maclaren, A., Leakey, N., Romain, M., Sciarra, J., McIntosh, G., Place, A., Seyferth, B. (form prefect).



11SE (Front): Seguin, B., Venter, P., Youldon, I., Whalley, K., Smith, K., Wang, C., Waller, C., Tomalty, W. (Back): Mr. W.E. Stableford, Raikles, A., (form prefect), Watson, A., Sellers, G., Woods, J., Somers, A., Webb, T., Williams, B.



12A (Front): Chisholm, C., Dayaram, M., Assad, A., Boz, N., Brearton, A., Azadeh, A., Beedell, D., Abbott, E., Biewald, R. (Back): Mr. J.A. Glover, Clark, J., Desjardins, C., Almudevar, A., Bravo, M., Chang, C., Benitz, D., Conyers, J., Anderson, C. (form prefect).



12F (Front): Fonay, N., Fong, H., Niero, J., Mainguy, P., Keyes, B., Kadziora, P., Mozer, S., Keenan, J., Langlois, N. (Back): Habets, F., McCunn, J., Morrison, G., Kocsis, S., Martin, P., Munro, L., Mezger, R., Greenberg, R., Jackson, T., Maclaren, F. Missing: Mr. R.J. Anderson, Robertson, P. (form prefect).



12O (Front): Warwick, W., Yuan, C., Tamblyn, D., Perron, S., Teng, W., Yuen, B., Wiley, J., O'Connor, B. (Back): Dr. D.E. Hopkins, Roberts, A., Puttick, J., Smith, G., Rigby, V., Wenkoff, J., Zaidi, M., Kayser, I. (form prefect). Missing: Rafie A., Wostenholme, M.

MASTERS LEAVING

R.M. POTTER

Mr. Potter arrived in the fall of 1978, on exchange for Mr. Hugh Penton who took Mr. Potter's place at Stowe School in Buckinghamshire. The year and a half he spent at Ashbury, before returning to a housemastership at his own school, were worthwhile both for Mr. Potter and for all of us who became his friends and co-workers. My own sense of comradeship with him was deepened by the experience of acting in the school play — *Unman, Wittering And Zigo* — in which I had the lead role; in that endeavour, Mr. Potters patience

and calmness were a revelation to me, as well as being a necessary source of strength. He was, indeed, a hard man to ruffle; his sense of himself and his insight into other people's motives were both clear and firm. His opinions, which were fun to seek, were shared without pretension, and they were infused with his Oxford training, his wide reading and his equally extensive travels and observations of the world from India to Mexico. He was, may I say, a seasoned schoolmaster. I can think of no higher praise.

D.D.L.



R.M.P. at (Left): Chichen Itza and Uxmal, Mexico.

DR G.D. HEYD

Gordon Heyd joined the Staff in September, 1974 from the American School, Switzerland and immediately embarked upon a career of remarkable versatility.

As Administrative Assistant he was responsible for the supervision of the domestic personnel and for the maintenance of the plant, subsequently dealing with such variety matters as careers, university entrance, statistics, prizes and parents' receptions. In addition to his administrative duties, Mr. Heyd has taught History, Politics and English.

His keen sense of humour and wide range of interests, from sport to music, have made him invaluable, both professionally and socially. His

interest in music, which includes ability to play the organ, is reflected in his extensive collection of records; I hope that I may ultimately be forgiven for persuading him to buy a recording of the Sibelius Violin Concert — the only matter on which we have ever disagreed.

Mr. and Mrs. Heyd rapidly made their mark on the social scene of Auhbury with many of us enjoying their gracious hospitality.

Mr. Heyd leaves us to take up a teaching post in the department of History of the University of Toronto and we wish him, Mrs. Heyd and their sons, every success and happiness in the future. We shall miss them and assure them of a warm welcome whenever they can visit us.

J.A.G.

COMING AND GOING

MR. DOUG WYMAN

Doug Wyman was the Fall term's math tutor. He came from Waterloo doing his third year in mathematics. He was born in Sudbury and attended Nickel District Secondary School. While there he played basketball, wrestling and tried to be involved in as many things as he could. His hobbies are chess, music (plays the trumpet) and math. During the summer months he worked for Dominion and in a nickel mine. When asked about the sports at Ashbury, Doug was "favourably impressed by the total involvement." He coached the second football team and was in charge of the chess club. He enjoyed teaching at Ashbury and thought it "superior to public schools" He enriched mathematics by putting up math problems and offering drink to the first person to answer them. His plans for the future are either to become a math teacher or go into computer sciences. Which ever Doug chooses, he leaves Ashbury knowing that he did a good job and that he has our best wishes. As a parting word he left us with the following problem: Prove Goldbach's conjecture: 'Every even number greater than two can be expressed as the sum of two primes.'

Nanno Habets

MR. GEOFFREY THOMAS

Geoffrey Thomas comes to Ashbury to take Mr. Heyd's position as Administrative Assistant General in charge of University Admissions and Liaison, Parents' Nights, Prizes, Careers Guidance and even Fire Drill. He thus includes under his umbrella — (when he is not teaching English, that is) — a brief dealing with the futures of grades 12 and 13 students in both a practical and theoretical sense, key functions involving parents, and the safety of everyone from day to day.

Mr. Thomas attended Lake of Two Mountains High school, outside Montreal. While there he edited the yearbook and took part in the Students' Council as well as in the Mock Parliament.

After spending one year at MacDonald College, he taught in Lennoxville, then, in 1962, enrolled at Bishop's University where he gained further teaching experience by helping Ralph Gustafson teach a freshman English course; this practical experience was continued through his M.A. year in which he also read Anglo-Saxon literature.

Although offered a permanent position at Bishop's, he left to teach at Laurentian High School where he became Vice-principal in 1972.

In 1978, Mr. Thomas felt again the stirrings of those inner currents that, if surrendered to, lead us — one hopes — onwards; he resigned his position and settled in Ottawa with his eye on Ashbury. During the past year he was supply taught at Philemon Wright — his patience being rewarded after Mr. Heyd accepted a position at U of T.

We welcome Geoff Thomas to the Ashbury staff with the expectation that the association will be long and productive.

D.D.L.

MR. STEPHEN McCRUM

Born in Cambridge, Mr. McCrum is the youngest of 2 brothers and 1 sister.

His father became Headmaster of Eton College in 1970 — a school which Steve attended from 1973-1978. While there he edited a school newspaper called the Eton Chronicle. He says that out of 8 issues "one of them may have been good." He also co-directed plays such as *Toad of Toad Hall* and *One Way Pendulum*. While not studying physics, chemistry and math he diverted himself with rugby, soccer, squash and rowing.

At Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, Steve intends, this fall, to read anthropology.

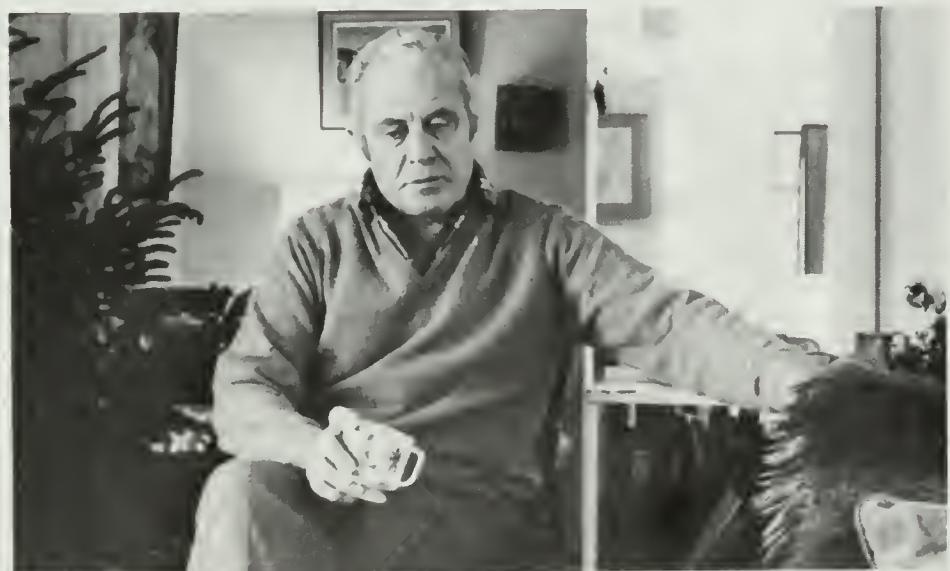
He has travelled extensively throughout Europe and Japan. In the latter country, he was fortunate enough to study under the great master or 'sensei' Hakitsuchi who is about 65 years old, 5 feet tall, a Shinto and Buddhist priest and a black belt, tenth dan, Aikido. Steve remembers him vividly as "an amazing man. He came to give a demonstration in the U.S. and faced with 3 of their toughest marines he promptly threw them all over the place." In another filmed demonstration, Hakitsuchi stood in a circle of 8 armed men; time lapse photography showed that between one fram and the next the master had moved outside the circle. The armed men stabbed air.

Mr. McCrum has observed life on the top flat with commendable sang-froid; his self-possession and wry good humour, combined with a capacity for work, have set an example that one trusts Ashbury boys have taken to heart. Both staff and students regret that his stay was necessarily short, and, in saying 'thank you' for all his practical help (with various duties and in the tutoring of mathematics), we wish him a fond farewell and the best of good browsing in the libraries of Cambridge.

Sanyi Kocsis with D.D.L.

SANYI KOCSIS AND D.D.L.

THE ARTIST AT HOME



Above: A portrait of Mr. Diefenbaker.

FOCUS 2

A PORTRAIT OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER: R.H. HYNDMAN

About Robert Hyndman's first solo showing in 1947, a critic in the Ottawa Citizen noted: "Essentially honest in his work the artist puts an intensity of feeling into his productions and it is readily felt by those who view his canvasses." This appreciation is still apt, as even a casual glance at the opposite page shows; that "tensity of face" as Mr. Hyndman puts it was not easy to capture, even though artist and subject were old friends. "You'd think that, after years of painting, these things would be easy — but they're not," he cheerfully admits. A memory helps to explain the difficulty of the process: during the August days when he painted the portrait, Mr. Hyndman recalls saying to Mr. Joyce, "I'm beginning to see your mind in the paint." That quality of mind is what the artist has been striving for in all his portraits for 34 years, and it is evident in the gentle but unmistakeable force of Canon Woolcombe's face which Hyndman painted in 1951, as well as in Mr. Perry's portrait done in 1965. The present Headmaster's likeness is clearly in the Hyndman tradition; in the artist's words, "I wanted to convey the feeling that there's lots going on in that head," and indeed, the dignity and penetration of Mr. Joyce's gaze in the portrait opposite leave no room for doubt.

Mr. Hyndman was born in Edmonton in 1915 and attended McKay Avenue Public School, then Shawinigan Lake School in B.C. for three years. He admits to being "hurled out of many classes" for drawing caricatures of his teachers. He attended Ashbury from 1931-1934. In spite of the attentions of teachers like Harry Wright and Canon Woollcombe, he remained, he says, "A hopeless scholar." His next step in life was to attend Central Technical School in Toronto from 1934-1937. There, teachers like Carl Schaeffer, Peter Howorth, and Elizabeth Wyn Wood made an immense impression on him. He gained two years further training at the Central School of Arts and Craft in London, England. He arrived back in Canada the day war was declared and joined the Air Force. After training in Saskatoon, he instructed in Harvard aircraft at Uplands until he was lucky enough to be able to join the Canadian Spitfire Wing (No. 126) at Biggin Hill, England.

The war, he remembers, was "exciting and

terrible . . . I was thankful to be in a Spitfire — it became a part of you — a real extension of yourself and gave you a feeling of tremendous power." His Wing Commander saved his life at least three times; part of the artist's trouble being that he tended to watch clouds or to be riveted by the way a plane curved away in flight. And the poignant contrasts: he remembers flying back over the Channel on a clear blue day, with bitter memories of the friends who were left behind.

"During this time," he says, "I kept painting and drawing fellow officers and such. Somebody at the Ministry must have seen something. Anyway, I was invited on my leave in the fall of 1944 to spend 6 months painting all sorts of heroes and Air Marshals." This job continued in Ottawa and led to his first major break — a showing of war artists at the National Gallery followed by his first one-man exhibition in 1947.

The warmth and intensity which characterize Mr. Hyndman's portraits are a product of his long apprenticeship and wide experience. His own sense of balance must be an invaluable asset when he comes to what he candidly calls the "gut-wrenching job" of portrait painting. But then, this is practicing (read 'tried and tested') artist in more than one kind of combat; the comparison between art and warfare is a natural one, he points out.

A final anecdote suggests Mr. Hyndman's composure. He was commissioned to paint the portrait of a distinguished American living near Phoenix, Arizona. For two weeks the subject kept plying him with alcohol, refusing to sit. The day before Mr. Hyndman was scheduled to leave, someone organized a trip to climb a small mountain near the Mexican border. Clutching easel and paint box, with despair in his heart, Hyndman trudged after his wayward host. Then someone dropped a lighted match. "In a few minutes," he recalls, "The grass and cacti were ablaze for miles around, and then most suddenly boomed: 'Now you can paint me, Hyndman!' So against this background of flame and smoke, I painted like hell . . . Fortunately, the painting came off."

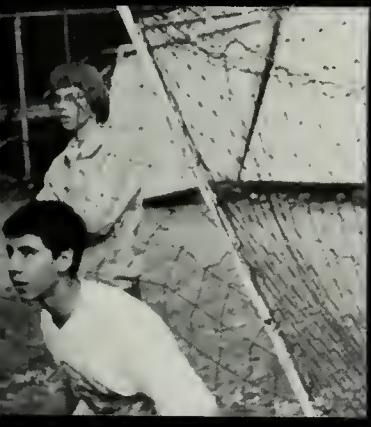
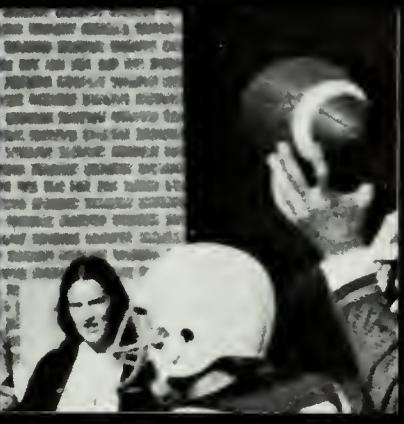
He must be grateful that not everyone demands Gottedammerung as a backdrop.

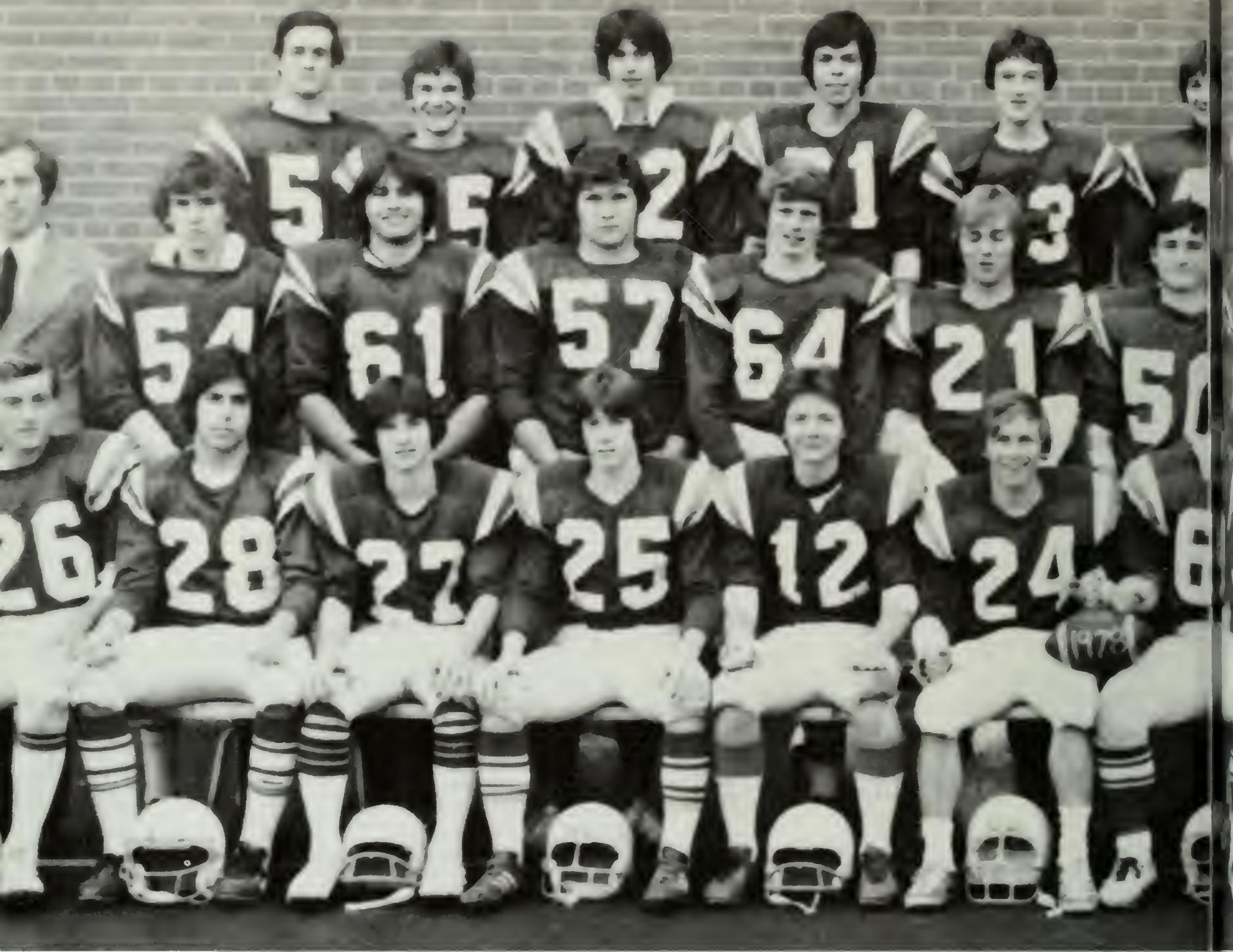
D.D.L.





LIVE SPORTS





Front Row: J. Fogarty, J. Gallaman, S. Mozer, B. Keyes, A. Raikles, T. Farquhar, D. Pigott, P. Vanasse, A. Assad, J. Keenan, A. Boyd, B. Biewald, E. Abbott Middle Row: S. Lavery (Manager), B. Baxter, B. Shulakewych, B. Seyferth, F. Nel, I. Kayser, S. Gardiner, P. Goebbel, G. Maclean, F. Mozer, M. Puttick, J. Jackson, W.A. Joyce, esq. Back Row: B. Taylor, J.G. DesCoteaux, C. Desardins, F. Maclaren, D. Martin, C. Morrison, N. Langlois, A. Roberts, J. Conyers, A. Heffernan (Coach), J. Valentine (Ass't Coach).





FIRST FOOTBALL

Far Left: Justin Fogarty picks up blocking from Ewan Abbott against Sir John A MacDonald attackers *Middle Left:* Kevin Keyes, Chris Molson, Dave Green return for the Old Boys' Game *Near Left:* Michael Spencer — a k a "Ol' Sabre Tooth" — smiles hungrily

STATISTICS

Leading Rushers: Bob Biewald — 163 yds., 21 carries; Ian Kayser — 148 yds., 21 carries; Justin Fogarty — 102 yds., 32 carries.

Leading Receivers: Fergus Maclaren — 6 for 78 yds.; Justin Fogarty — 4 for 76 yds.; Ian Kayser — 2 for 35 yds.; Ewan Abbott — 3 for 30 yds.



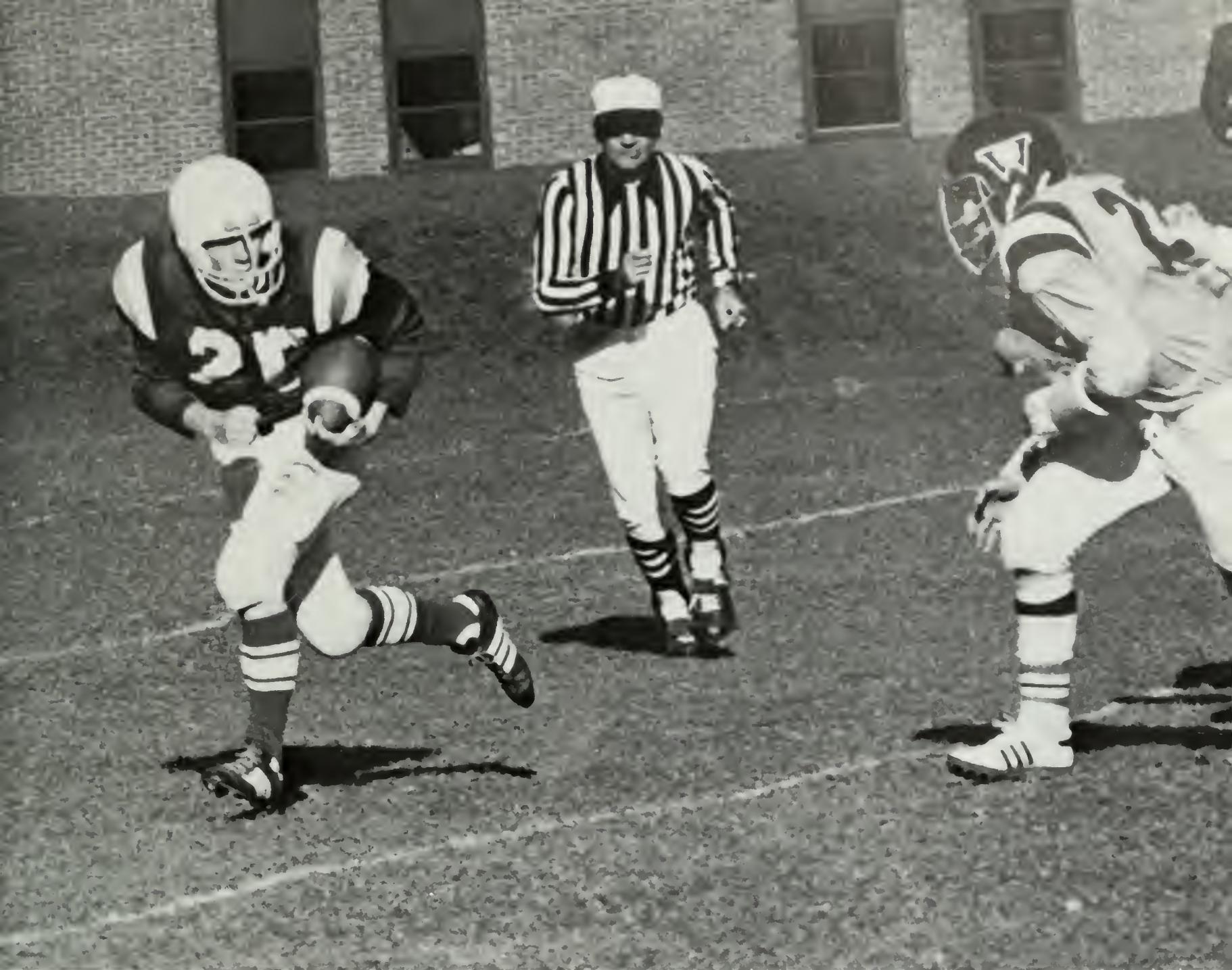
Q.B. Passing: Alec Boyd — 27 passes, 14 completions, 6 interceptions, 135 yds.; Abby Raikles — 13 passes, 6 completions, 0 interceptions, 123 yds.
Punting: Joel Gallaman — 21 kicks for 677 yds., 32.2 yds. average; Tim Farquhar — 8 kicks for 204 yds., 25.5. yds. average.
Punt Returns: Justin Fogarty — 9 carries for 71 yds.; Ian Kayser — 2 carries for 8 yds.

Above Right: 'Bishop' Hicks with Liz Camp and Lynn Parker. Ross Brown looks on. Below: (A) Chris Assad, (S) Liz Seward, (H) Sue Warren, (B) Amanda Lovett, (U) Colette Vanasse, (R) Jane Pigott, (Y) Gladys Abankwa.



Right: Justin Fogarty snares a pass. Below: Bob Biewald dives for daylight.





Above: Keyes eludes Woodroffe. Below Left: 'Disco' Joel in perfect form. Middle: Seyferth stretches Kayser. Rt.: Tim Farquhar.



SECOND FOOTBALL

The Junior Football Team got off to a shaky start by being soundly defeated by Osgoode High School 41-0; however, in a return match the following week, Ashbury showed some promising signs of improvements as Osgoode only managed an 18-0 victory! Our next home game was played in a driving rain storm against one of our traditional rivals, Stanstead. The game was a defensive struggle for the first three quarters. In the final fifteen minutes, Ashbury slowly gained a territorial advantage and put together a consistent running attack to score the only touchdown of the game — final score 8-0. The win definitely boosted the team's morale.

We then defeated an aggressive team from Lester B. Pearson 20-3; defensively, we were again strong giving our offense excellent field position on several occasions. Our final game was against B.C.S. After Ashbury scored early, our defense once more stymied the opposition and enabled us to secure a 14-0 win. Our record of three wins and two losses resulted from the team's steadfastness and hard work. I congratulate the team on a fine season — especially M.V.P. trophy winner Kevin Keenan and M.I.P. Warren Tomalty. Finally my sincere thanks to Mr. Doug Wyman for his able assistance.

David Owen, David Tamblyn and Warren Tomalty each scored 12 points and Richard Parks 6 points.

W.E.S.



Below Left: Bill Warwick carries, with blocking from Craig Aris and Richards Parks. Above: Tamblyn charges through a hole with help from Mierins and Parks. Below: Rosemary Nesbitt is now at Queen's.

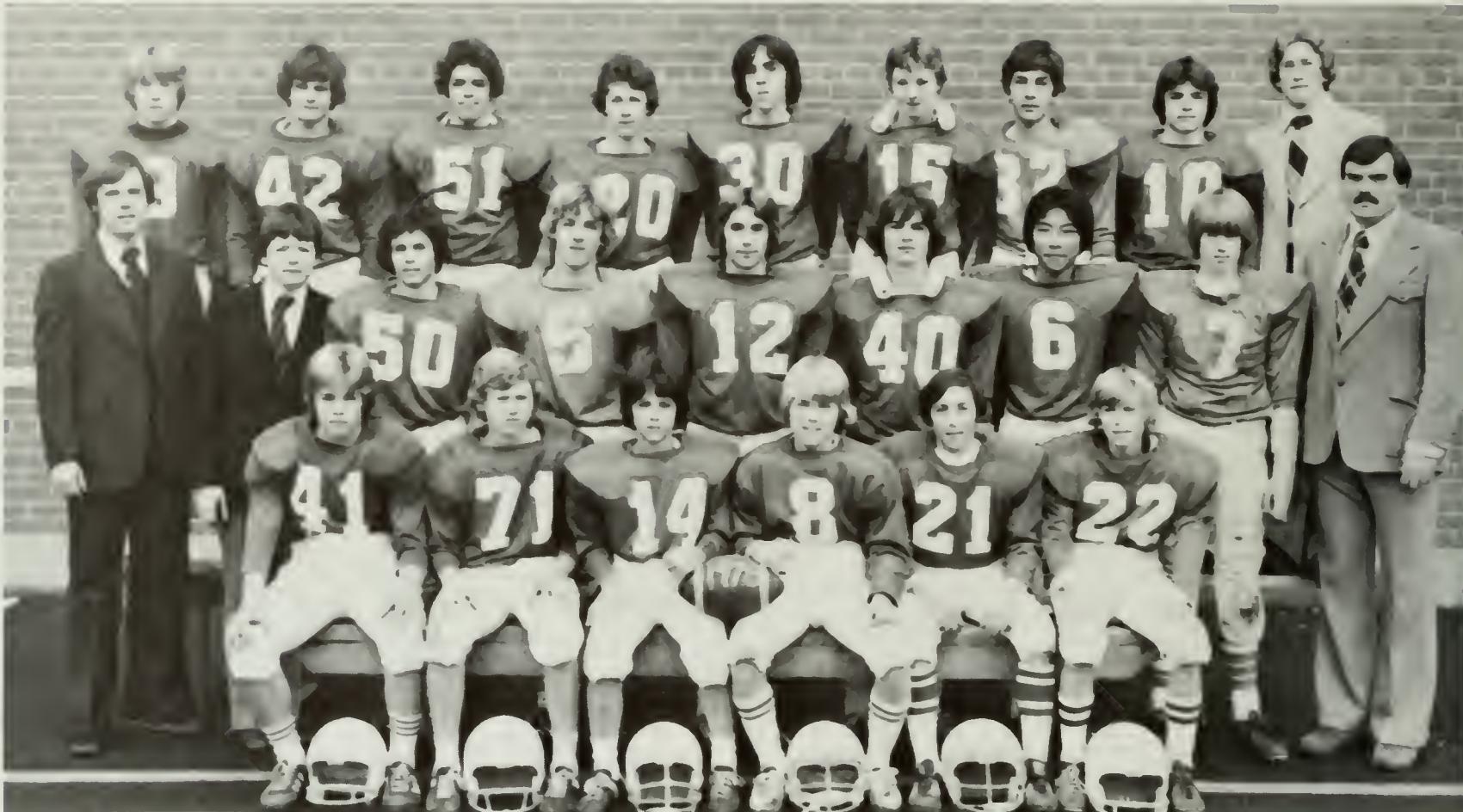




Front: David Tamblyn, Kevin Keenan, Richard Parks, Rick Konrad, Craig Aris, Bill Warwick, Jack Dym. Middle: Mr Doug Wyman, Warren Tomalty, Michael Wang, Jordan Shiveck, John Kirkwood, Sean Murray, David Owen, Stephan Perron, Chris Wirth, Roger Greenberg, Mr. Bill Stableford. Back: Glen Scherning, Derek Benitz, Winston Teng, Ralph Evans, Jeff Mierins, Stephen Assaly, Amir Rafie, Mike Romain, David Corbett. Absent: Tom Bejkosalaj



Above Left: Tamblyn scoots around the corner with help from Tomalty, Aris, Mierins and Kirkwood Watch that knee! Left: The going gets rough for David Above: Rougher stills! Right: Woody, the Master Mind, when he's not working



BANTAM FOOTBALL

Front: H Freitag, J Drake, D Moonjé, S Grainer, B Cormley, D Yull Middle: G Deersted, J McMahon, D Gamble, K Hall, M Freeth, E Chow, R Milroy Back: M Caza, J Scholes, T Groves, T Sellers, J Baxter, S Ellis, P Steele, J Wickham, G Sellers Coaches: Mr D Fox and Mr P MacFarlane Photos (Top Left): Caza gets set for a handoff from Hall and, in the photo underneath, the play gets underway with Moonjé (14) moving into action. At Top Right, an unidentified Ashbury player decks the opposing quarterback while Scholes (42) and Caza provide insurance





FIRST SOCCER

Front: P. Robertson, D. Beedell, R. Smith, B. O'Connor, R. Smith, J. Wenkoff, M. Bravo, A. Paterson Back: Mr W A Joyce, A. Brearton, N Fonay, J. Sezlik, M. Nesbitt, F. Porreca, S. Kocsis, C. Montero, B. O'Meara, A. Azadeh, Mr Ray Anderson Missing: J Nader

There's the Reds and there's the Greens,
Super slicks and has-beens
They're accompanied by three men dressed in black:
One's a whistle, two are flag, quite often they're the drags -
Kick the ball into the goal, they put it back.
Yes, Match of the Day's
The only way to spend your Saturday ...

GENESIS: Match of the Day

We had a large turnout for First Soccer this season with many experienced players returning from last year. After our first practice I could see that there was the potential for a very good team. Practices proved to be demanding with 28 players trying for 14 positions. From the beginning everyone took the game seriously and played to the best of his ability — even in practices; the result was a highly spirited team which improved its basic skills continuously.

Despite overall success this year, we unfortunately lost our most important game in the Ottawa City Finals against Sir Wilfred Laurier (1-0). We all remember Delroy Nelson's immortal words when we had beaten Sir. Wil. in a regular season game by a score of 3-1: "See ya in the finals, man!" Indeed, in the final game we did not seem hungry enough, even though the whole school cheered us on. Delroy, of course, was terrific.

I would like to commend Brian O'Connor, David Beedell and John 'The Train' Sezlik for their strong mid-field play ("soccer is won or lost in the mid-field"). Also Alex Paterson's superb left foot, Juan Nader, Frank Porreca, our ace goalie, and the fleet Martin Wostenholme all played an important part in our season. Soccer is very much a team effort and everyone shares in these special commendations.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Anderson for his encouragement and discipline. Best of luck to next year's team; I am going to miss the action and the camaraderie.

P.S. Football players: stop running around with 20 lbs of equipment after a peculiar, oblong soccer ball and return to a game that requires some skill and endurance!

P.P.S. We'll still permit you to run headlong into the goalposts if you insist. Peter Robinson.



Mr Pigott, Mrs Joyce; Mr. Joyce and Mr Farquhar

RESULTS OF ASHBURY VERSUS

Centennial Academy (4-1)
Canterbury (3-1)
Charlebois (2-0)
Hillcrest (1-1)
Rideau (1-0)
Sir Wifred Laurier (3-1)
Stanstead (6-2)
Andre Laurendeau (5-2)
Ridgemont (0-1)
L.C.C. (0-0)
Belcourt (2-0)

EASTERN OTTAWA DIVISIONAL CHAMPS

Woodroffe (0-2)
B.C.S. (1-0)
Sir John A. MacDonald (3-1)
Glebe (2-0)
Technical (1-0)
Old Boys (2-5)

OTTAWA CITY FINALS

Sir Wifred Laurier (0-1)



A play begins with Sezlik on the ball; Alex Paterson directs.



Sometimes the play is completed — sometimes not. Right: Juan Nader whose season's total was 13 goals.





Photos Top Left by S. Perron; Right and Below courtesy of The Citizen. J. Sezlik Top Right and D. Beedell Below.





SECOND SOCCER

Front: Sam Mozer, Ed Bobinski, Robert Tamblyn, Bruce Bossons, Pancho Futterer, Jonathan Daniels, James Posman. Back: Andrew Maclaren, Ray Haslam, Ron Habets, Andy Somers, Jonathan Eddy, Joe Bobinsky, Mr. David Morris.



Left: Bruce Bossons expects the pass. Above: Arash Azadeh guards the ball Right: James Posman in pursuit.





Top: Andy Somers, and Right, Ron Habets concentrate on the ball.

Left: David Hall. Above: Andrew Maclaren.



WINTER SPORTS





1st HOCKEY TEAM

(Front Left): Michael Lowder, Steve Mozer, Tim Farquhar, Ewan Abbot, Bruce Keyes, Richard Parks, Jean-Gaston des Coteaux. (Back): Mr. W.A. Joyce, Mr. W.E. Stableford, Ray Haslam, Steve Gardner, John Keenan, Andy Assad, Alex Paterson, Chris Waller, John Sezlik.

The senior hockey team was again entered into the Ottawa High School league. However, the team had only three members returning from last year and would thus have to rely heavily on graduating junior players and new boys to the school if they were to defend their "B" Division title successfully.

The team got off to a slow start by winning only two of their six exhibition games but the calibre of their play was promising. Unfortunately Ashbury never played a full strength again as the team was beset with several injuries throughout the season

including the playoffs. The team adjusted well and played a steady brand of hockey which earned them a fourth place finish in the B division.

In the semifinals we outscored Tech 6-2 in a two game total goal series. We were then pitted against Champlain, last year's "A" finalist, for the championship. Champlain won the series in two games by scores of 4-3 in overtime and 5-3.

I thank the players for their superb effort and the team manager for a job well done.

W.E.S.

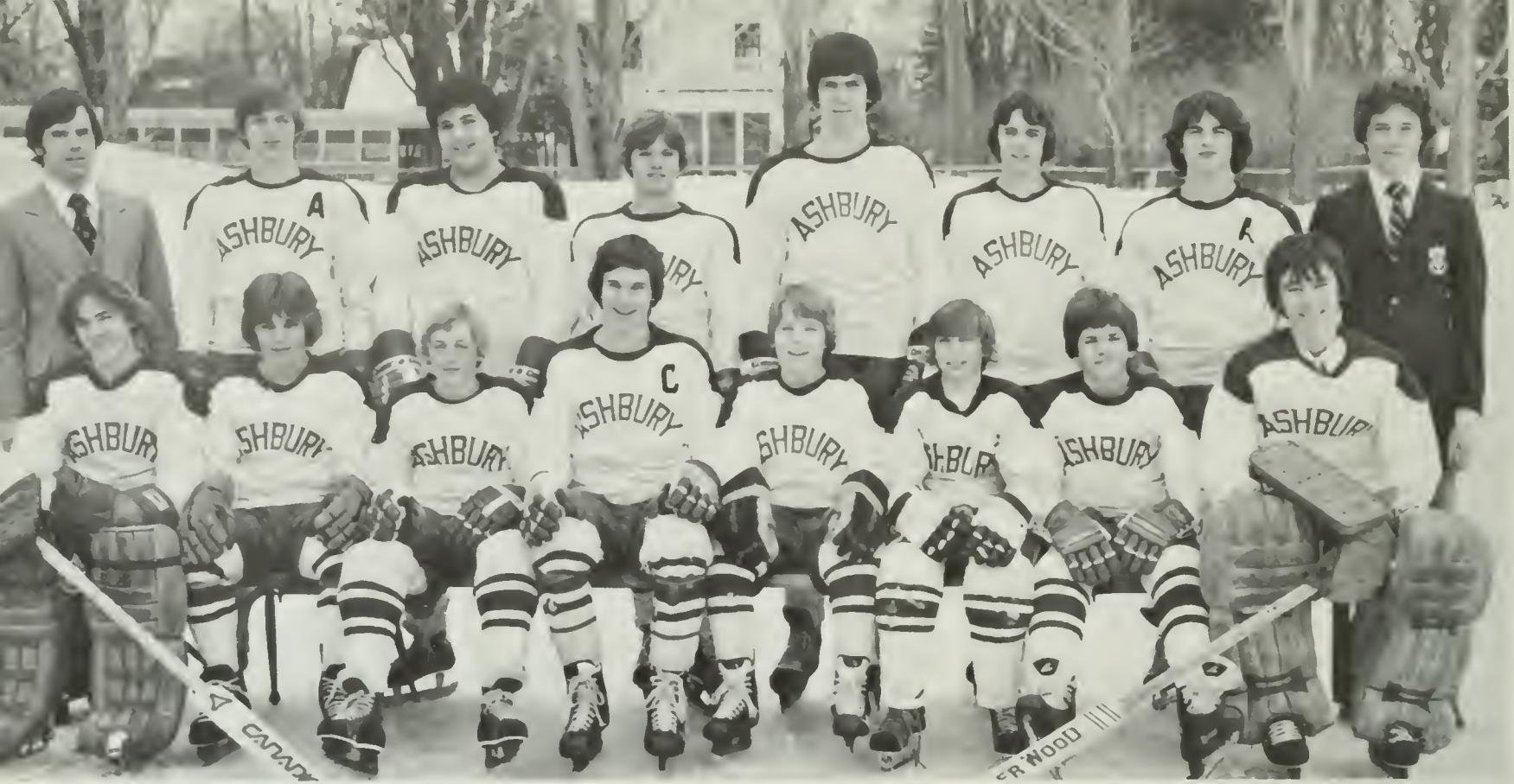
RESULTS: Ashbury vs.

Sir John A. Macdonald:	1-3
Sir Wilfred Laurier:	2-8
Technical High School:	4-3
Philemon Wright	6-2
Champlain:	1-2
Glebe:	2-4
Glebe:	2-3 League starts.
Glebe:	1-9
Woodroffe:	4-5
Woodroffe:	1-5
Champlain	3-5
Champlain	6-3
Philemon Wright	4-6
Philemon Wright	2-3
Technical High School:	9-3 Playoffs
Technical High School:	3-1
Champlain:	3-4
Champlain:	3-5
Lower Canada College:	1-3
Stanstead	1-5
Bishop's College School:	1-7
Old Boys	8-7





(Top Left): Bruce Keyes wheels to attack. (2nd Left): Steve Mozer cruises for a rebound (3rd Left): Mozer, (Left) and Brian O'Connor gouge for the puck (Left): Mike Nesbitt keep an eye on an O'Connor shot deflected behind the net. (Top Right): Abbott goes in pursuit while O'Connor (6) and Mozer (18) wait in the slot. (2nd Right): Abbott and Sezlik pose a dual threat. (Above): Steve Mozer looks on as a bouncing puck evades the Tech goalkeeper for Ashbury's 3rd goal.



2nd HOCKEY TEAMS

(Front Left): Dennis Gamble, Hal Freitag, Brian Morrison, Bruce Bossons, Stuart Grainger, Duncan Yull, Spencer Fraser, Andrew Maclaren. (Back): Mr. D. Fox, Sean Murray, George Petrakos, Sam Mozer, Kevin Keenan, Kevin Smith, Mark Freeth, Dave Corbett.

The Junior Hockey Team enjoyed perhaps its most successful season, ever, this year, practicing puck control, pinpoint passing, and a defensive style of hockey. The team got off to a flying start, losing only one of its first ten games against a strong team from Crescent. Included in these victories was a clean sweep of Quebec teams such as Selwyn House, Bishop's, and Lower Canada College.

The team also competed very successfully in the Ottawa Valley defeating teams from both the Junior High Schools and the Gloucester Minor Hockey Association.

One of the highlights of the season was our road

trip to Oakville where we competed against Appleby and St. Andrew's Colleges. This visit included gold seats at a Toronto Maple Leafs — Los Angeles Kings game at Maple Leaf Gardens — courtesy of the Toronto Industrial Works Company.

The team finished the season the same way it began, winning their last three games by wide margins, including the third shutout of the year in the final game against a highly rated team from Vaudreuil.

The team can indeed be proud of its overall 12-3-1 record. Good luck to Mr. Fox and the team next year!

Bruce Bossons

RESULTS OF ASHBURY VS.

- Lester B. Pearson (3-1)
- Choctawa (5-1)
- Crescent (0-3)
- BCS (3-2)
- Blackburn (6-2)
- Presentation (6-0)
- Sedberg (9-0)
- Sedberg (3-1)
- LCC (7-2)
- Selwyn House (2-1)
- Appleby (1-3)
- SAC (2-2)
- Lester B. Pearson (3-7)
- Blackburn (3-7)

Presentation (5-1)
Vaudreuil (9-0)





JUNIOR HOCKEY SCRAPBOOK

(Top): Sean Murray pauses, behind nets, to set a play up; Dennis Gamble, in nets, and Kevin Smith. (Left): Bruce Bossoms shoots at the Appleby nets. (Below Left): Sam Mozer and (Lowest) Petrakos, Smith, Fraser, Freeth. (Below): Fraser, Morrison (on ice), Wright, Goalie, (Kneeling), and Maclaren. (Lowest Right): Hal Freitag. Photos: Norman Moore.



SPORTS BANQUET: AWARDS

SENIOR FOOTBALL

The Lee Snelling Trophy - (MVP) - Tim Farquhar
The 'Tiny' Hermann Trophy - (MIP) - Gordon McLean
The Stratton Memorial - (best lineman) - Bernie Seyferth

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Barry O'Brien Trophy (MVP) - Kevin Keenan
The Boswell Trophy - (MIP) - Warren Tomalty

BANTAM FOOTBALL

Most Valuable Player - Mark Freeth
Most Improved Player - Hal Freitag

SENIOR SOCCER

The Anderson Trophy (MVP - John Sezlik
The Perry Trophy - MIP) - Peter Robertson

JUNIOR SOCCER

The Pemberton Shield - (MVP) - Ronnie Habets

JUNIOR SCHOOL SOCCER

Most Valuable Player - Joe McMahon
Most Improved Player - Dan Leduc

SENIOR HOCKEY

The Fraser Trophy (MVP) - Ewan Abbott
The Irvin Cup (MIP) - Mike Nesbitt

JUNIOR HOCKEY

The Bellamy Cup - (MVP) - Bruce Bossoms
The Boyd Cup ((MIP) - Sean Murray
Honourable Mention - George Petrakos

JUNIOR SCHOOL Hockey

Most Valuable Player - Charlie Sezlik
Most Improved Player - Jay Godsall

CURLING

Most Valuable Curler - Ross Brown

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

The Coristine Trophy - (MVS) - David Beedell
The Ashbury Cup - (MIS) - Mike Bravo

SPECIAL AWARD

THE ANGLIN TROPHY - accepted by
David Beedell Captain of Skiing.



Mr. David Berger, Mr. James Grainger, Mr. Scott Crockett



A COACH'S TOAST TO OUR INDOMITABLE PLAYERS BY P.G.M.

In Bantam Football, we at least started the year with a bang, our offensive unit scored on the first series of offensive plays after our defense had held Bishop's deep in their own end. At Selwyn House we scored on a long bomb from Kevin Hall to Grainger. Then, in the final minutes of the game, we were successful on a goal line stand and kept Selwyn House from tying the game. We were very fortunate to have excellent backs like Yull and Moonje who could make mincemeat out of any ball carrier — and did! The best play of the year was our 'crazy play'. We used it three times in one game and gained an average of 25 yards per play only to be called back 3 times on penalties for a total of 30 yards.

Junior Hockey enjoyed an exceptional year and special thanks go to the Yull, Grainger, Freitag line; the tiny trio (so small, in fact, that they were laughed at during an opening face-off by an opposing line) made believers of that same opposition when they scored their 7th goal.

The Junior Football Team went through an entire season without knowing what was happening. Not to mention any names, I asked one of their Captains about the team record and he put the record at 2 wins and 3 losses with 111 points scored against Ashbury; the truth was more like 3 and 2 with about 55 points against us. Things are never as tough as they seem.

The Senior Football Team was very dedicated to the sport, even today, they all wake up in the middle of the night and do crabs across the bedroom floor together. They also had speed as evidenced by Bernie Seyferth who, to his own astonishment, intercepted a pass and ran like a startled mastodon passed his own blockers and so was tackled. They all lacked mental capacity, Kremer can still be seen wandering around the flat asking if 27 is his number, his IQ, or just the number of push-ups he was meant to do in practice.

Senior Hockey contained people who were accident prone, — like Alex Patterson, who never let his opponents injure him but did it all himself.



(Top Left): Sean Murray holds The Bellamy Cup, Bruce Bossons The Boyd Cup (Above): Mike Bravo with The Ashbury Cup, and Mr. Stableford

I.Q. was a problem here, too, for John Sezlik once waited at The Tom Brown Arena while the rest of the team played at Canterbury. Sezlik was not only lost in hockey but in soccer as well; as was once picked up (half dressed, of course), on the highway, far behind the First Soccer Team which was on its way to Montreal.

The player this year who left his mark wherever he went was David Beedell he forgot to take his boots and skis to a ski meet, forgot to take his cleats to a soccer game in Montreal, left his watch at Lakefield, and even, once, lost HIMSELF before the team found him in the middle of nowhere wandering along a highway.

Players! Players! Players! without you there would be nothing. I want you to know, as a coach, that your efforts are appreciated and that it is a pleasure to coach you, tonight, I tip my hat to each one of you, you are all fine athletes.

On looking back on my days in uniform, I have often wondered what aspect of sport was most enjoyable. Many interesting experiences come to mind but one stands out: the close relationships between players and coaches. As a coach, now, I see both sides of the picture and I can underline the fact that the player-coach contract is the most significant part of sport. The students we coach are, I think, highly influenced by their leaders because these leaders act as models for them. It is with this responsibility in mind that the coach must continually seek to understand himself, his position and his players. Furthermore, his job does not end when the season does; he must assess his own character and performance while planning for the future.

A coach plays many roles: director, planner, organizer, disciplinarian and counsellor. But his single most important role is to motivate his players; this task remains our biggest challenge. To motivate players means that they consistently perform at their highest levels. Motivation also enhances confidence without which there is no leadership on the field or on the side-lines. Confidence is vital to decisive, efficient action under stress. There is no such thing as a 'game-day' player who only 'puts-out' on the day of the game; motivation is built in to practice which aims to build confidence as well as skill.

In team sports there are two cardinal rules that must never be forgotten: (1) never criticize. Always be positive, mocking, criticizing or blaming others destroys motivation and team spirit.

It is a fact that in any team sport contradictions arise between the individual ambitions of the players and their ability to contribute to the team. For example, linemen like to play defense because they get a chance 'to munch' the opponents,

especially the Q.B., while backs like the recognition of carrying the ball.

This leads to the 2nd rule and that is: at all times you must be willing to subordinate your personal goals for the good of the team.

If both rules are followed, a team can meet its full potential.

And that is the purpose of education — for you, in your individuality, to achieve your best within a 'team', a society.



John Sezlik accepts The Anderson Trophy (MVP - soccer).
(Below): David Stone at Nakkertok

CURLING TEAM

Mr E.E. Green, Charles Zwirewich,
Ross Brown, Gord Goudie, David
Welch, Norand Langlois.





(Left): Mr Anderson, Paul Kadziora, Michael Bravo, Nanno Habets, David Stone, Ian Youldon, Bryce Gormley.

THE SKI TEAM

RESULTS

OTTAWA BOARD SEMIFINALS (10KM):

1st Overall = D. Beedell; team =
5/10. RELAY (4x5KM): team 4th.

OTTAWA VALLEY CHAMPIONSHIPS (10 KM):

2nd = D. Beedell; team 6th.

RELAY (4x5KM): 1st = D. Beedell
who qualified for The Provincials
and thence The Nationals. Team = 6th.

LAKEFIELD (12KM): team 4th/8;
D. Beedell = 2nd.

SEDBERG (4KM): Sedberg won.

NAKKERTOK HIGH SCHOOL RELAYS (3x 5KM): Team 2nd.

INDEPENDENT SCHOOLS INVITATIONAL (5KM): Team 1st.

The 1979 Ski Team had what might be called a moderately successful season in spite of having only one veteran on the team (D. Beedell). Dave managed, at Lakefield, to win second place in Mr. Anderson's boots and someone else's skis. Indeed, his record speaks for himself. Mr. Anderson's good-humoured, enthusiastic coaching paid off with a first place finish for the team in The Independent Schools Invitational Meet. Ashbury has won The Anglin Trophy 4 years in a row. From our first race in our new uniforms to our last, we enjoyed the effort, and Mr. Anderson's 'life stores'

Nanno Habets.



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the word was God.
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nd the darkness com
nd the word was made

THE HARVEST

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aid to see some hor-
found there only e-

Then it starts; a
Wind, rain, hail,
Thining through the
Slashing, hitting,
Man and beast alike
Roar of thunder,
Flash of lightning,
All around me blow
Ritina! like a g-

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hurricane. With fi

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG EGG

Two sunnyside-up
eyes
Stare at me
from white sockets.

I level the fork,
take aim.
The embryos
spill,
Later, they peck
at the barnyard
in my stomach.

Now, yolks
watch me
everywhere I go.
Chickens
rattle chains
in my birthday cake.

In the dairy case
lurk
Grade A
large armies
ranks
of cartoned batallions
leaped chest-high.
I retreat
to the exit.

In my dreams,
I walk a dark street,
an eye
over my shoulder.
Hidden sounds
scrape on my ear-drums.
Behind me,
dozens of eggs
dart through the shadows.

J. Jackson

LAMENT — (OR, BRING BACK GEORGE HERBERT)

I'm sad to say, at least today,
Poetic talent's gone its way;
For now our worst artistic curse
Is surely so-called "Modern Verse".
Alas! The fates of former Greats--
Shakespeare, Byron, Shelley, Yeats--
Anthologies partake of these
Alongside modern travesties!

The modern themes are few, it seems:
Life and Death and what's between.
All well and good! But still I would
Prefer it could be understood.
The goal, to me, appears to be
Incomprehensibility.
My heart doth sink whene'er I think
Of all that precious, wasted ink!

The style's poor-and so obscure!-
An ill for which there is no cure.
The tensions fall, the rhythms stall
(If the rhythm's there at all).
Furthermore, in days of yore,
Simile and metaphor
Were used to meet specific needs--
Not like all-prevailing weeds!

The talents learned by men who've earned
My deep respect have all been spurned
By modern men who take up pen
And churn out things beyond my ken.
The modern craft's a flound'ring raft;
The Masters would have simply laughed.
And what a crime that in our time
No-one makes a poem rhyme!

D. Welch
(Half-joking but all in earnest)

PALMYRA

O City of the Palm, beneath the sparkling light
Which upon thy ruins Syria's sun still pours,
Rich and strong, mighty wert, as in peace, as in wars;
Thy sun the East covered at the time of thy height.

But on thee slowly closed Rome's dusk and Islam's night;
And to-day on the dunes, pillars under the stars
Of thy lustre are all that was left by the years;
But shadows on the sand do remain of thy might.

O sunken Palmyra, art thou not the symbol
Of this lost ancient world to whose arms thou didst bend?
Brilliant to perish, neither thee, nor thy soul,
Of their own death did die: for by glory's grim toll,
By time's impassable inexorable hand,
Murdered was thy culture, forever lost thy will.

Fabrice Cadieux

AT THE WEYBURNE INN

Sometimes it seems as though the Gods above have nothing better to do with their time than keep the rain falling on England. At least, that was the general consensus among the good citizens of Waterbury in the summer of 1915. The constant drizzle, tapping incessantly on the roofs of the houses, is enough to drive even the most tolerant bloke stark staring mad. The confounded thing is, of course, that there's no escaping the inevitable boredom that begins to set in after several weeks confinement in one's home. I remember those hours well, spent leafing through the endless volumes of Milton, Shakespeare, and Swift, those dog-eared and tattered books handed down to me by my father, ages ago. It wouldn't have been so bad if I'd had some tutorials to do or lectures to deliver, but as the colleges were on holiday (and most of the students fighting the Hun anyway), I found myself comfortably, if uneasily, idle.

About the most venturesome thing I would do in those days was walk the three blocks to the Weyburne Inn, where I might warm myself by the hearth or chat with the proprietor for a few leisurely hours. It was during one of these visits that I had the most extraordinary encounter. I cannot, offhand, remember the circumstances that led me to the Weyburne on that particular evening — a Friday, I think — for the night was uncommonly cold, and my better judgement bid me remain indoors. Nevertheless, I decided to brave the elements for a much-needed change of scene. I tramped into the Inn, dripping wet and shivering like the dickens, and took a seat at the far end of the counter, as close to the fire as possible. I was absent-mindedly contemplating the scuffs and cracks on the countertop, nursing my ale, when I felt a sudden jar at my shoulder.

"Bless my soul, excuse me, Guv!" It was a wet and weary soldier, obviously numbed by the chill, who in his haste to sit down had knocked my arm and spilled my ale across the bar.

"Oh... that's quite all right."

"I've spilled yer ale, sir. Jackie! A courage for the gent."

"No, no that's not necessary," I said politely, "It was merely an accident."

"I insist, sir. It's the least I can do."

Not wishing to cross the man, who by his dishevelled appearance looked as though he might rise to an argument, I accepted his offer with muffled thanks. Glancing about, I saw that we two were the only patrons in the Inn, and I wondered why, of all the seats in the room, this awkward fellow had chosen the one next to mine. It soon

became apparent that he had a mind to talk. He spoke quickly, in a slightly cockney London accent. I listened, seeing that the soldier (who, by his stripes, I gathered to be a sergeant) was in the need of a friendly ear.

"I'm mighty sorry about yer ale, sir. It was pure clumsy of me t'spill it."

"Nonsense. No harm's come of it."

"Thank you, sir." A brief silence. "A night not fit for man nor beast, you might say, sir. Horrible wet, even for August."

"Yes".

"It's been like this for the past month in France, you know. Put quite a damper on morale as you can understand, sir."

"Have you just returned from the front?" I asked, partially out of curiosity and partially out of politeness.

"Yes, sir. Took the boat last Tuesday from Calais. Bit o' bad luck put my leg out, sir. Caught in some nasty artillery, y'know, and one of the shells scored a direct hit on me lorry. Lucky stroke I weren't in it, too, but I was close enough to catch a fragment."

I glanced at his right leg, and noticed for the first time that it was wooden. He was still grasping his crutch in his right hand, although it was partially obscured from my view.

"How long have you been at the front? I asked.

"Oh, off an' on, the better part o' eight months. I was attached to batallion headquarters, and ran supplies to me mates in the trench with me lorry. I missed the bad spells of shelling most of the time, but last week the Hun tried to force the flank on the Somme, by the Lincolnshire boys, y'know. Uncommon bad barrage down the line — drumfire f' the most bit — and our lads were caught down on rations. Me and the boys in the squad set out to resupply, but I was caught right there in the trench by this hail of shells. 'Twas like it were raining lead, sir." My attention focussed momentarily on the steady drumming of the rain on the roof. What a miserable sight! I began to think how horrible it must be in those trenches.

"How awful," I said.

"Oh, not so bad, sir. The worst bit is the hours sitting in the bloody trench, waitin' for Fritz to start shooting, and wondering when an' where he'll start. I was in the trench for a week, sir when one o' the lads on the Lewis gun was hit bad. I was there, and knew 'ow to fix it, so I was posted at the front until a replacement could be found. I'll never forget that week, Guv, believe you me."

I began wishing I were back in my comfortable library, and cursed my poorer judgement for leaving home that night. It wasn't that I was much

put off by this fellow, who obviously had been through quite an ordeal; rather, I found the topic of conversation most foreign, and most unsettling. Nevertheless, I continued to listen to the poor chap, and drained another courage.

"No sooner did I take me place than the fireworks began, sir. Our part of the line was spared the direct hits, f' the most part, but the fields was being blasted right, left, 'n' centre. If they don't get you from above, they'll get you with machine-gun fire, y'know. The rain kept fallin', too, sir, so that there was least a foot o' water in the trench. Me boots were soppin' wet for a week, and o' the lads got trenchfoot real bad. Nights, you'd try t'find a dry spot under the ledge for a spell, but the bloody rain would find you out. Tommy Crothers, one o' me mates from the old school at Salisbury Hill, was in the worst shape of all."

"What happened?"

"The poor lad hadn't caught a wink for days, sir, and the cold and wet was getting to him. One night, during a bad spell o' drumfire, he upped and dashed out o' the trench, right towards the Hun."

"And . . .?"

"Blown over half an acre, sir."

I felt slightly queasy. "How awful for you, one of his friends."

"Why?" he asked, staring blankly at me.

"Well, I mean . . . you were one of his schoolchums," I ventured.

"So?"

". . . And now he's dead," I muttered, somewhat hesitantly.

"Right you are, sir." His voice carried no emotion, no trace of grief whatsoever. He looked at me, uncomprehendingly. The rain continued to batter the roof unceasingly, and I thought of that poor bloke lying dead God-knows-where in France. The conversation had reached some sort of an end. I got up unsteadily, muttered a few parting words, and made my way quickly out the door and onto the dimly-lit street.

As soon as I reached home, I closed the door and locked it. I made a quick pot of tea, downed it in three of four gulps, and sat down in the Library. The rows and rows of books, cleanly sitting atop the carved shelves, looked wholly insignificant.

I shut off the lights and went to bed. My sleep, I remember, was the most fitful I had ever had in my life. The rain kept pounding the roof, as if the drops were lead.

D.A. Welch

PEAR

Terror, Horror, Panic, Dread,
Quivering, Quaking in my hole,
Haunted, fearful in my mind,
Lest I should some THING unearth.
I manage to peer from my retreat,
Afraid to see some horror, huge,
But find there only emptiness.

B. Latta

THE WORMS

A lot of People don't think so,
but I know better than that;
if the world were supposed to,
it would-and worms are round.

I held a dead bird in my
Grasp, and worms were still round.

I talked to the friend,
a friend talked to me:
worms are round, the world is
long and time dies. You are lost.

He conjugated nouns and verbs,
And frowned.

Now you can see.
see the worms, see the world, have time.
he saw, and smiled,
and worms were round.

J.T. Lee

HE

He runs, he dodges, he leaps over bodies;
He belches, he screams, he yells for bodies;
He collapses in exhaustion. In a heap,
He struggles for revenge. In a gasp,
He fires at 12 o'clock. He fires at 6 -
He fires East, he fires West,
He hits, he waits,
He hits again, he waits again . . .

He killed in vain.

He smiled at pain.

S. Grainger

THE SADIST

I had a good time . . .
They lugged in, assembled together,
The blood, the misery, and the white faces,
Eyes darkened by lack of sleep,
Like dark rings, acknowledging death,
Cheeks drained of energy, teeth black,
Gums soft with scurvy,
Old, young, beautiful, ugly,
Women, men, and children holding onto their mothers.
They all stood still, silent and staring.

I had a good time . . .
I stood, side by side,
Clad, straight, clean cut
And filled with authoritative power;
Simultaneously, the rifles were aimed.
I smiled; my eyes darted back and forth.
Then, at the command, the noise dropped
Sixteen people faster than the bullets.

I had a good time . . .

They lugged in . . .

S. Murray

DEAR DAVID

Our mother is gone.
I found time,
squeezed between ideas,
to remember her,
a crisp rose
folded into an old letter.
I think gingerly:
her memory is faded.
A breath
could crumble it.
Do you recall?
I have five
when a flush
grew in her cheeks
and in her Irish eyes
pierced like thorns.

Yesterday, I saw her,
cheeks withered
as she lay
pressed between satin folds,
dried stems
in a box
that was never opened,
She would have wanted you
to be there.
We all missed you.

With love, your brother.
J. Jackson

THE HAUNTED SHORES

That long gray strip of pavement stretches from the barren shores of Nova Scotia through to the sloping rockies that wad into the Pacific. I've been across this land and have experienced the thrill of the vastness. Not from a jet as most people unfortunately do but by bike, car and hitch-hiking. I've seen the wilderness of Northern Quebec, the fishing villages of Newfoundland and the soaring peaks of Alberta. Down this long and winding road I have found a land of its own haunting beauty.

I had taken the route between Ottawa and Thunder Bay both by air as well as by car — each several times. Last June however I decided to save some money and hitch-hike back to the lakehead. Well the three day trip was a advantage I shall long remember. The time however that sends shivers up my spine thinking about it was about two hundred miles out side Sault Saint Marie. It was at the bottom of the Montreal hill along the river, deep as a valley. I had been dropped off here, as dark closed in anf since the traffic was very little I decided to rest for the night. I found a roadside picnic ground and settled down for the night after a cold meal.

I had not taken any real notice of the land until I shut my eyes and like a movie it all began to roll. A hoot of an owl, the cry of a loon is some last lagoon. Echoes of the land below bounced off the tall walls of stone reaching up fromthe valley floor. The river thundered as it raced towards the lake. All brakes hissing down the Montreal hill a trucker conquering the night, raced on. The legends of the land whispered in my ear as the wind blew in from off the lake. Cold and dry it blew through the leaves softly but clearly saying the land will reclaim. The highways the railways the stakers of claim. The land isn't yours' the raven cries through the night. The haunted shore of Superior came alive that night and rolled me and rocked me from all dreams. The valley closed in and all of a sudden I was alone sinking under the land. Northern lights contained the remains of a moon; they cast shadows around me as I waited in near panic for daylight.

When the sun casts light into the deep valley floor I packed up my possesions but instead of heading towards the highway praying for a ride I took my time and explored down the river to see what I could find. Through deep dark woods I came to a lagoon and spent hours watching as the fog was lifting then it was time to go. I now hold great respect for this land and know I shall return.

D. Tamblyn

THE ATTIC

It is a place where the old seek refuge.
Boxes of clothes from days gone by lay silently,
clutching to the memory of that first kiss.
Cobwebs and spiders loom from the low ceilings
encompassing the room with artqficial walls.
The attic is filled with articles connected to the past.

It is cramped, dark and musty.
It gives you a feeling of being trapped.
A large trunk lies in the corner filled with
memories of long ago.
The attic is a storehouse of memories.
It holds many thoughts of happiness and hard
times.
You touch the pressed rose and you can almost
smell its
beautiful scent as you did so many years ago.
The walls are old and run down like you.
You rise and walk away slowly, creaking the
floorboards
like old worn out bones.
You turn for one more look . . .
at the warehouse of your youth.

J. McMahon

THE PRISONER

There sits the prisoner
Behind the bars
Pangs of remorse
And tears of frustration.

The hours grind by
Endlessly, silently,
Broken by the clangng grids,
The hoarse shouts,
The drippingoaps,
The hum of lights.

The feeble ray of sunlight
Creeps along the concrete wall,
Blurred in flights of fantasy.

Awake, asleep
A sigh, a sob
A dream of freedom.

A. Watson

A ROOM ON THE BOARDING FLAT

Peering through the doorway into the shadows one can perceive a slight glint of orange afternoon sun giving life to the usually naked, sterile walls and ceiling. The bleak white plaster creates a false illusion of depth. The room is actually narrow, and somewhat resembles a monk's cloister. Overhead the fluorescent lamp lends a modern hospital-like appearance, but is seldom used. A hockey stick and a poster mounted on the wall are the room's sole claim to individuality. The stick stands in cunning defiance of the tyranny of rules. Hockey sticks, skis, and other sports equipment are to be kept in lockers, regardless of whether or not there is space. Yet its brilliant trophy — like appearance causes it to be overlooked by the master's daily inspection. The poster shines with both bright and contrasting colours — yellow, orange, red, black, and dark green. It is unique because it is drawn and not one of the familiar shiny commercial ones. It lends emotion to the room and, perhaps, a sense of the tenant's pride.

Below these on the left are two beds neatly made with cavalry motif coverlets representing in dull browns the violent competition, the physical attributes branded into one's soul by the boarding school systems. A desk lamp and clock radio sit on an otherwise empty desk which lies between the beds. Both conveniences are styled in the synthetic modern fashion popular in the early seventies. They are plastic, simply shaped, and crude.

Waves of tropical air stir around the room. A faint smell of burning from the electric heating indicates a pair of drying socks; the radiator lies beneath the curtainless window at the far end of the room.

Music drifts softly out of the woodwork of one of the varnished wall cupboards: classical etudes to a green house-plant which grows in an alcove between the cupboards, where there is another desk.

The atmosphere becomes relaxing as the last lights of twilight fade. The sterility is dissolved and blurred both from a perception of comfort and euphoria induced by exhaustion after a long day's work, and from the music, warmth, and relaxed mood of the room.

This is my room, for now, but I can only imagine that it is home.

J. Eddy

ALONE

Nothing, no one,
Only memories,
That fade and grow old.
Only pain,
and never a smile.
No one to care for,
No one to worry for.
No one who cares,
Not even you.

Marek Molozzi

THE CENTURION

WINNER OF THE BELCHER SHORT STORY PRIZE

The full moon was shining so brightly on the countryside that the Governor ordered the escort to put out the torches.

The road was slowly stretching in lazy meanders through the rock-strewn desolate Judaean country, hardly livened here and there by a field of corn or a yard of Knotty olive-trees. The only noise that was to be heard was that of the horses' hoofs on the way's gravel, mingled with the clinking of the bit against their chains.

Indeed, all seemed to be breath-taken by the land's strange charm, arid and bitter like the landscape itself, but sadly sweet and captivating like the casphodeles' fruity fragrance.

In the hills, near their destination, the young night lit a few shepherds' lights in the blue darkness.

"An extraordinary sky," thought Arelatus while dreamily musing at the rhythmic pace of his mount. Yes, indeed, the soft and blurry companion skies, the sharp Greek clouds, even the usual Oriental, deep celestial vault did not match the strange beauty of this cloudless, starry ether, and Arelatus reflected with a frown that really, the golden eagle which preceded the small troop did not really fit in this sky.

But to Pluto, these things, he thought, as he brought his mind back to the present, would bring a short nap in some dingy Jews' inn, then a last ride to Saffa, and after a few weeks of sea-sickness — galleys never really accepted his land-man's stomach —, Home would appear, spread below the fanicule and his marvelling eyes, at the end of the road from Ostia. Rome . . . Did he really want to return? The marbly splendour, a high-placed sinecure, boredom most probably, endless banquets which his soldier's instincts never led him to enjoy . . . Judaea was a sweet place to be, instead . . . No barbarians as on the Rhine, no fleshpots as in Alexandria, just enough unrest to impose Rome's authority. Authority — the word did not have the metallic and proud ringing with which it used to resound in his mind. He shrugged and let an insect's acid murmur buzz for a moment in his half-sleep. The jerk of his horse settled him awake. What now! It wasn't time to dream, but to stand up and impose Rome's law. He called the centurion who was riding ahead of him.

"Marcus, what is the name of the town where we shall stop tonight?"

"Bethlehem, Caius Germanicus."

"A garrison-town?"

The centurion smiled with a touch of contempt.

What will ever happen there? No one would station a garrison in Bethlehem — what an inglorious posting that would be!

The Centurion, seeing that the governor had fallen back into his thoughts, caught up with the vanguard and smiled to himself. Bethlehem! What a miserable posting was the whole of Judaea! Yet the land, for all the business and poverty, did have a certain attraction . . . He was not so sure now of his contemptuous judgement. Yes, this countryside under the moon had a loveliness of its own. He, too, began gazing at the stars . . . What was this large one, seemingly above Bethlehem? He racked aimlessly his astronomical knowledge, and, finding nothing, fell also in a half sleep from which the harder clip-clop of the hoo on the paved main street woke him.

They were in Bethlehem now, and advancing in the town's street, bordered on either side by low houses of grey and pink stones. He yawned and was surprised to see Bethlehem so animated.

"What is this for?" he asked the guide in his approximate Aramean, pointing at the brilliantly lit tents and houses around them. But before the few could speak, the harsh voice of the governor was heard behind them.

"Have you forgotten the census, Marcus Atticus?"

The census — of course! By the gods, what a gaffe he had made. But before he could apologize, the procurator sneered again.

"Have you forgotten the cause of this trip, or are you too absorbed in preparing your compliments for my successor, Claius Pontius Pilate? He should deserve them, since he was judged more capable than I to supervise the census. What he has written he has written, they say of him. I hope he stands up to this reputation!.."

And with a bitter sneer, the governor placed by the escort and by Marcus Atticus, towards the gate of the inn's courtyard which flew open as by magic to a soldier's rushed knock and cry of.

"Open, in the name of Ceasar Augustus Imperator!", disgorging at the same time a dozen beggars which this high-ranking intrusion made undesirable, and went in, followed by most of the soldiers. The rest stood questioningly.

"Very well, go in too," he ordered, and he added, dismounting, "and find a stall for my horse and a mattress for me!"

The last soldiers went in and the gate slowly creaked back shut. Marcus felt a strange urge to go back out in this mysterious countryside.

He chose to go on the road towards the sea, and began walking slowly towards the cypress-stream hills. The large star was still shining over the town.

He had been walking for perhaps a mile, when he turned to survey the city. From a distance, it was almost beautiful huddled on its three hills and brilliantly lit by . . . by what? Was the moon that bright? He raised his head to heaven and found it lit inexplicably with a bright, golden glow. Two Jewish shephards came up behind him, in their sheepskins; and as he turned to ask them for the meaning of this, he saw that the sky was brilliantly lit behind him as it was in front of him. Two shephards looked kind and almost happy; and in answer to Marcus's questioning glance, a smile only bloomed on their creased faces.

It was only then that the Roman became aware of a music that has been silently making up the background to his reverie. It slowly rose, emanating from everywhere at the same time, distilling in his ears that sweet melody of joy.

One of the shephards spoke:

"Tonight a babe into the world is born, to lead the nations as His flock."

But Marcus was hearing no more, his soul was filled with a sensation he had never experienced before. Alone with these two shepherds in the hills of Judaea, he felt an immense and simple joy, a mirth ineffable, his entire self was filled with an unknown love.

And from the heavens, a troop of angels descended, clad with light and tongued with gold, who sang divinely in the cool night air:

"Gloria, gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo!"

"What I have written, I have written," said Pontius Pilate in a cold voice.

The hymn stopped resounding in Marcus's soul. He opened his eyes and saw the chief priests go away with malevolent glances, he saw the sudden darkness and the terror reflected in the attendants' eyes, he saw through the high oaken doors which had suddenly flung open, the high embroidered curtain of the temple tear down lengthily in its midst, and, standing on the hill of Golgotha, the centurion of Behtlehem cried out for the first time on Earth:

"Truly this one was the Son of God!"

Written by F. Cadieux in the Christmas examination, 1978.

FREE FLIGHT

Strive for the intangible goal
And revel in its dream - the ultimate saviour
From life's continuous pressure
And unquenchable frustrations.

Free flight is this, and more,
Yet only
In the dream-filled web of night.

Daylight pushes the dreams away
To the fictitious hangers,
Planes away.

And for another fifteen hour wake,
Flatfooted, earthbound man
Must eke an existence
In the best way that he can.

A. Place

FREE FLIGHT

Spread your wings; soar away from the ground
To the top of the sky.

Achieve, little one, the highest of heights,

The summit of satisfaction,

The apex of awareness — knowledge.

Life is of free flight: freedom, a dark forest

In which you must create your nest on the tree

Which the sun shines on. But to reach that tree

You must start young,

And pass the many other tempting trees, dark trees,

With their worthless, satanic concretes and abstracts

Offered to lure you to a lesser goal.

Be strong: you are free -

So are the trees.

Follow the path to that one and only potent

And fruitful tree, using the occupied bright ones

As your guides;

The flight is rough:

Branches, hunters' traps and predators

All distort your path -

All just to alter your course.

Beware: be strong.

The day will come when your journey will end;

You will perch on your new, golden and glittering tree,

Satisfied and are.

G. Petrakos.

FREE FLIGHT

Silence — no throbbing engine
No movement to break in the sound
Silence — nobody else,
Nothing to snap the thin wire
(The wire you made to restrain sounds)
Silence, quietness — just you and the rushing, silent wind.

It hardly moves
A flat patchwork quilt,
Fields, to the horizon
— the small ants — toiling,
Dragged — — — — — along its trails and paths
Human bugs dinner to
Helpless. With their machines — nothing.

But you: no pins, no oaths, no glue,
No plane to hold you down
Quietly sliding down below the clouds
And laughing up again
In the sun.

Warm, happy, sleepy, safe
The hand that guides never lets go
Obedience brings perfect freedom —
Freedom, and flight!

G. McIntosh

PRO PATRIA MORI

Grimly the pillars stood, whilst over the debris,
Greyer than Flanders' sky, in their battered charred stone,. .
They ruled shadowlessly, as the pallid sun shone,
Each alike, thinly dark, to a black barren tree.

The cross, only remained, over war, calm and eerie,
When all earthly splendour from the ruined churh was gone,
And, as on the rain-clouds, silent, it stood alone,
It seemed a still haven in the sky-verdigris.

If the cause is noble, why should death be sorry?
We murder in battle to keep our dignity,
And out of death and pain our sons shall reap freedom.

For past the bitterness of man's suffering's story,
The thought in our heart strikes a chord more deep:
Dulce decorumque pro patria mori.

F. Cadieux

THE SNOW WALKER

Night in, night out, the snow walker
comes stealing.
Trudging through the snow,
Creeping through the dark, and stillness
of night.
It is he who comes for the old,
the sick, and the dying,
For the snow walker has no prejudice.
In rain, in snow, in sleet, he will
come seeking his trophies,
Trailing his endless chain of souls of men.
Lurking, hiding, calling out his prey.
Hail to the snow walker! All must obey!
For he is death, and none can keep him
from his rounds.

J. McMahon

ON LANGUAGE AND HUMAN LIMITATIONS

Language, in whatever form, is the only means by which men can communicate with each other. A primitive language can consist of simple gestural symbols, markings or sounds. In a more complex form, it can consist of a series of high-specialized symbols linked together in strictly-regulated sequences and syntaxes. Modern-day universal languages, such as English or French, are of this latter variety, and are by far the most important means of communication possessed by man, in both their written and spoken manifestations.

Familiarity with any language can — and does — lead an individual to assume the language's infallibility. Virtually every man is capable of becoming sufficiently proficient in the rudiments of a language as to reach such a state of familiarity. In the study of semantics, however, it becomes clear that language is by no means the precise and concise tool of communication that it appears to be; it is fraught with shortcomings, inadequacies, and contradictions, and as such severely limits the capacity of humans to exchange thoughts and ideas. It can and will be shown that the inadequacies of language are indicative of the finitude of man — a demonstration of human imperfection.

What, exactly, is meant when we use the term "inadequacies of language"? To answer this question effectively, it is necessary to consider the role of language in human interplay. Quite simply, it is employed to allow the transfer of a thought or concept from one mind to another. If it were a perfect tool, it would be capable of doing this without any distortion of the thought or concept whatsoever. In other words, it could be used to encode the thought, transmit it to the receiver, and decode it exactly as it was first encoded. In practice, however, this "perfection" is not found. The nature of language is such that in human hands, a certain degree of distortion of the thought is inevitable. This distortion is caused by the very inadequacies that we are discussing.

It is not necessary here to delve into the intricacies of these inadequacies — a brief description will suffice for our purposes. The word — the "fundamental unit" of meaning — is intrinsically vague. To mean anything, a word must be defined by means of other words or, ultimately, ostensive demonstration. Definitions can and do vary subtly from individual to individual, and from context to context. They carry secondary (and perhaps even tertiary) meanings, as well as emotive connotations (ue, "snake" connotes "danger" and elicits revulsion). As each individual mind will consider and process particular words, sentences and concepts in a slightly unique way, and as each concept will have varying emotive effects and connotations, words will never have precisely the same meaning for two individuals. This fact, coupled with the added complexities of misuse, mispelling and syntactical inconsistency, renders language an "imperfect" tool. Were this not the case (and I submit that practical experience bears out that it is), none of these problems would, or could exist.

It remains to consider how these "inadequacies" are a practical demonstration of the finitude of man. To do so, the meaning of this term, too, must be determined. What do we mean by the "finitude of man"? Certainly we mean that man is finite, but how so? In what respect? Surely the word "finite" implies that man is somehow limited, physically and mentally.

There can be little question that man is physically finite; he is limited in both time and in space. The mere fact that no evidence exists to the contrary would suggest this to be so. Yet this is not the crucial question here. The more important

questions is whether or not man is mentally finite, and what implications such finitude would have.

If man were mentally finite, he would be limited in his capabilities to know, to learn, and to transmit his knowledge. Such a statement generates a number of intriguing questions in its own right, yet we must adhere for the moment to the subject at hand. The justification for this statement is derived from a consideration of its opposite: if man were mentally "infinite" he would not be so limited and his knowledge would be absolute.

In order for the above to mean anything, we must stipulate a definition of the word "knowledge". Knowledge is the perception, apprehension, and comprehension of a "truth" or fact. As DesCartes showed in his treatise on Radical Doubt, a man can never "know" something absolutely and a priori (that is, in the strong sense of the word), as a result of the fallibilities of his senses. This position, while entirely tenable, sheds no light on man's capabilities of "knowing" in a weaker sense. It is this latter, simpler sense that we must use in the course of this analysis, both for the sake of clarity and consistency. Therefore, it is not unreasonable here to define "knowledge" as the individual's comprehension of a "fact" (be it erroneous or not).

For such "knowledge" to infinite, then, all "facts" would have to be correctly known, both inside and outside the time frame of our own lifespans. Yet we have already determined that earthly lifespans are limited in time and space. To "know" of events occurring centuries before one's birth, one would be forced to rely on another's account, transmitted through time by language (we "knew" that Troy existed — even before its discovery — because of Homer's written account). We conclude, then, that all men rely TO SOME DEGREE on language as a source of knowledge, as opposed to solely sense-experience.

We have already decided, however, that "inadequacies of language" exist — or, that language is imperfect. In linguistic transmission, facts or concepts are inevitably distorted. The "knowledge" acquired by means of language, then, will also be distorted to some degree, rendering it at least slightly inaccurate. Ergo, man's capability to know is somewhat limited, as evidenced by the fallibility of language.

The corollary of this statement, presented in syllogistic form, may be used to demonstrate the same fact: given that man's knowledge and capabilities are infinite, and given that at least some of that knowledge is obtained through the medium of language we could deduce that language is infallible. This conclusion, while a valid derivative of the premises, is known to be false (we have shown it to be so). We therefore conclude that the first premise is false; man's knowledge and capabilities are infinite.

It would seem that the fact that language has limitations indicates that man, too, has limitations. This is because of the fact that language is man's invention — a simple, practical tool. This must always be borne in mind, for the ability of a man to use language properly, with a minimum of distortion, is dependent upon his past experiences, his insight, and his intelligence. It would be absurdly arrogant to suggest that man is anything but finite or bound by the multitudinous limitations of nature. It is sobering, then, that when we consider the fallibility of language we are led to conclude — as we have here — that it is man's own fallibility and finitude that is thereby revealed.

D.A. Welch

OH WELL, THAT'S POLITICS

Somewhere, tucked away in a corner of the world, lies the army camp of Adanac. For those of you that do not know where it lies, just look in your atlas for the town of W.E. adn slightly to the north in Adanac. Adanac is not like the other bases around the world, no indeed! Adanac is a very democratic community and everyone's opinion counts. This wonderful camp was run by General Pierre Hellno! Now, Pierre Hellno! had been in power for over ten years and had done his best. However, political instability in other bases and W.E., rising prices etc. had their effects on Adanac and everyone was grumbling. Pierre Hellno! tried everything to keep the base in running order, but to no avail.

Two of Pierre's problems were the Royal Adanacian Mounted Police who were snooping around, and a small section of the camp that wanted to form its own government. As the reader no doubt knows, The R.A.M.P. age old slogan is "We always get our man" and they didn't leave a barn unturned in their quests. However, things got out of hand when the R.A.M.P. started bugging offices, opening mail and the like, and the people became annoyed.

At the height of Pierre Hellno's! problems, a new one was added on. The reader must remember that Adanac was a democratic society and therefore there were other factions within the camp. One such faction was the Navy and they called themselves the Dories. They reasoned, that in order for them to get any votes, they would have to pump some new blood into the party. They did this by electing a new leader — Joe C. Lark. Nobody had ever heard of him before and the latest joke was Joe Who??? As soon as the novelty wore off, everybody began to take notice of this Joe C. Lark.

At first Joe could only ridicule Pierre and the people just laughed at him. However, as time passed, Joe became more experienced and he began to become more popular while Pierre became less so. Pierre's popularity drop greatly excited the former Dory leader John Huffn Puff and he strutted around the camp expressing his joy and planting 'draft me' signs.

The situation in Adanac was becoming critical and at last Pierre was forced to call an election. Immediately following the announcement, all the party leaders were our looking for votes.

Pierre and Joe concentrated their campaigns at the officers and the poor enlisted men were left out. The Ed Broadloom stepped forward. He promised to nationalize the base and kick out any citizens of W.E. How he would do this is a mystery, but then, Agatha Cristie became rich because of mysteries. Ed Broadloom gained some support, but was still far behind the other two.

A week after Pierre called the election, the campaigns were

well under way. Pierre realized that this could well be his last campaign so he really did his best to impress the people. He went all over the camp and spoke to various groups. One such group was the kitchen staff. When he was besieged by questions about improving their lot and was asked about a raise for them, he said: "Hellno!" and mumbled that the kitchen staff was always complaining. Another time he was heard to tell a curious reporter to "fuddle duddle" before giving him a vicious shove.

While Pierre went on with his campaign, Joe was also not wasting any time. Joe began looking for the base while his advisors were making sure that Joe looked his best, that his suit was ironed, his socks washed and that he had no ring-around-the-collar. He promised to improve the medicare system, make buying a house easier and lower the taxes.

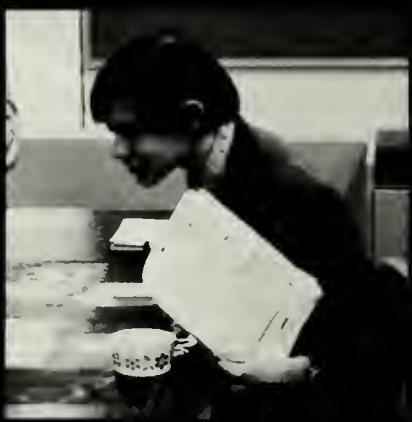
Pierre, not to be outdone, promised bigger rations for the enlisted men and more parties for the officers. Then, in a flash of brilliance, Pierre asked Ed and Joe to have a debate with him on T.V. Ed accepted at once since had had always wanted to be on T.V. Joe, however, refused on the grounds that Ed was not up to his standards. He was willing to debate with Pierre alone, on the condition that Pierre wouldn't be so mean, afterall, it was only his first campaign! When Ed heard about Joe's decline and his reason, Ed told Joe to go and debate by himself.

Meanwhile, in the background, there lurked the secretive members of the R.C.P. party. They promised equality for all, more for some than for others, as well as freedom from legal worries. Their party would see to the "equals" and that their best interests would be carried out; individualism was out, paternalism was in!

With only a week to go before the election, election fever became contagious. furing a parade of infantry men, Joe leaped to his feet and shouted: "Look at me, look at me", and promptly backed into a bayonet. Ed also became hysterical during a speech and stampeding through the hall yelled: "Ed instead, Ed instead". Pierre, not to be outdone, stood up and shouted to his followers "Hellno!, Hellno."

Election day came closer until the great day finally arrived. There were three big boxes and one small one at the polling station and each general-to-be stood behind his respective box waiting expectantly. They waited, and waited, but nobody showed up. Then suddenly Pierre slapped his forehead and said: "of course, Air Adanac lowered its fare and everybody is in W.E. on vacation." Slowly the generals-to-be looked at each other, tucked their boxes under their arms and walked dejectedly home

N. Habets



**A
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S**





Becky Macoun



Kara Jansen



Nicola Crockett



Stephanie Joyce



Danielle Hopkins



Andrew Fort



Emily Joyce



THE STAFF CHILDREN'S X-MAS PARTY

ADDENDUM TO DEPARTURES

Tim Menzies has brought the benefits of his varied interests to Ashbury College for just one year. Educated at Appleby College, Oakville (1967-1973), where he enthusiastically undertook a wide range of sports and played a lead role in 3 Gilbert and Sullivan musicals, he went on to take a B Sc. at Dalhousie; his experience at 'Dal' included membership on the Students' Council and the Presidency of The Kings' College Dramatic Society. His Gold 'K' award for contribution to university life (1976) is not surprising; Tim initiated and directed a student coffee house, did cross-country running and skiing and was also involved in gymnastics,

squash and swimming. He even found time, after winning The Winfield Memorial Bursary, to work as a university entrance scholarship demonstrator in Biology 2000. He has a Bachelor of Education Certificate (T.C.6) from Mount St. Vincent University. Although his record speaks for itself, I feel bound to add, rather pompously perhaps, that his management of the boarding flat, as well as his teaching, have been of enviable quality. We shall miss him. Good luck, Tim!

D.D.L.



CLEANING CO.

ASCO ANNUAL REPORT		
Revenue		
Total payments from the School	\$ 5429.20	
Total interest from the Bank	\$ 0.67	
Total income		\$ 5429.87
Expenses		
Wages for the whole year	\$ 4314.35	
Vacuum Rental for the whole year	\$ 186.00	
Equipments	\$ 85.34	
Miscellaneous	\$ 2.97	
Total Expenses		\$ 4588.66
Gross Profit		\$ 841.21
Tax collected by School from 33% of gross profit	\$ 277.60	
Net Profit	\$ 553.61	
Less Dividends	\$ 120.00	
Final Net Profit		\$ 443.61*



(Front): Winston Teng, Bruce Keyes, Andy Assad. (Back): Robert Tamblyn, Tony Yuan, Mukesh Dayaram, Pancho Futterer. (Left): Mirrors, photo by Mr. R. Williams - Mr. S. McCrum.

SCIENCE FAIR



(Top Left): Fabrice Cadieux and Michel Korwin consider the problems of heat and pressure involved in their prize winning experiment called "An investigation into a New Way of Tapping Energy". The two, along with David Owen, aimed to combine nitric oxide and carbon di-sulphide; the work continues. (Above): Kevin Keenan with his solar model; (Above Right): Mr. MacFarlane questions second prize winner Sean Murray about his M.R.U. (Mobile Research Unit) which Sean and Jeff Mierins built from scratch. (Right): Todd Williamson demonstrates his volcano for James Posman.



VARIOUS EXPERIMENTS

(Left): Frank Ashworth's wind tunnel used for measuring air speed in a narrowing chamber. (Below Left): David Horwood samples his own distillation of wine (the purpose of the experiment was to see how long he could remain on the stool). (Middle): Chris Haslett — Solar Energy — and Duncan Saunders — Space Shell — display their exhibits. (Right): Andrew Clyde explains the steel to rust to steel process. (Lower Left): Danny Young makes soap beside Todd Sellers' and John Wyckham's Solar Energy Model. (Lower Right): Phillip Venter and Andy Somers 'jam' with Tom Bejkosalaj's sound system.



THE FORMAL



This year, the formal was based upon a tropical theme. The band 'Wynde' provided the music in the gymnasium and a disc jockey supplied some contrast in Argyle Hall. Thanks are due to Dave Pigott, Robin Smith and Michael Bennett who did much of the art work with Mrs. Varley's willing help in the form of supplies and advice. The Formal Committee composed of Alec Boyd, Ian Kayser, Iain Morton, Dave Pigott and Robin Smith met for a considerable number of hours with Mr. Green to plan every aspect of the evening. Mr. Wallin and Mark Taticek and Mrs. Marland were a troika to reckon with; the dinner was memorable and the maintenance staff were an invaluable support to the smooth running of the evening. The formal is one of those things that proves the old adage: you get as much as you put into it.

Peter Robinson, Chairperson.



(Left): Jeff Jackson and Donna Price. (Above): Lynn Houwing, Sue Anderson, Karrina Suarez. (Below): Sue Power.



(Left): Stephen Suh and Judy McGraw.



STOP PRESS

Hugh Alexander Christie has won The Tricolor Award, the highest award given by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University. Hugh was selected by a committee of his fellow students for his non-academic contributions to the life of the university. His efforts include a stint as AMS commissioner his freshman year, sitting on the executive of the Ontario Federation of Students, and in 1977 the Presidency of the AMS. He is now Rector of the University. He has contributed to the University Senate through its Committee on Academic Development as well as in other ways. Hugh attended Ashbury from 1971-1975.

BOARDERS

CAM MORRISON

Cam will be remembered as an inimitable character. The picture below was taken during yet another weekend gating and is intended to prove that he really is an angel — if not 'holier than thou'. Certainly, he can no longer be called 'Skid' or 'Kenny Cool Quills' (because of a stubborn refusal to shave). Cam played offensive guard and defensive tackle with savage abandon at Ashbury as well as tennis and softball. He leaves grade twelve to take Business Administration at U.N.B.



'SAINT' CAM

DAVE TAMBLYN

David is bound for Algonquin after grade twelve to take Journalism. During the holidays he commutes between Thunder Bay and The Bahamas; with his narrative skills he might well write the definitive scuba diving — or even mini-bike — book of short stories. He played halfback on the football team and took part in cross-country skiing and softball. On weekends, Dave worked in an antique store just 'down the hill'. He is cheerful and well-liked — especially at a certain home on Bedford Crescent.



HOME SWEET HOME

(Below): Ed and Joe Bobinski (Middle): Mike Bennet. (Right): Bruce Keyes (Above): The residence



MUSIC NOTES

Christmas carol services were held in the last week of the Fall term, and a special Palm Sunday service during the first week of the Spring term. This is the first time such a service has been possible for many years, because the Holy Week and Easter celebrations usually occur during school holidays.

Recorder, singing and theory programmes have continued in the Junior School, and some classes have attempted the formation of the wind and brass groups during lessons, particularly in grade 7. A small group of Junior boys assembled every Tuesday to play for half an hour or so.

The Madeira quintet visited the school twice, beginning with a demonstration and concert for the entire Junior School, and concluding with a workshop for all music students in the Senior School. Their performance advice and expertise were greatly appreciated. The Senior School students formed a wind octet to perform to the visiting quintet and also at the ladies' Guild luncheon in April.



(Above): Boys of the Winchester Cathedral Choir practice breath control exercises before leaving to perform at the NAC.

(Below): Members of the Junior School sit with musicians of The Madeira Quintet during a demonstration-concert hour in Argyle Hall.
(Right): Allison Lee plays for the morning chapel service each Friday.



The band suffered the loss of nearly every trumpeter this year, so Mr. McCrum was handed a soprano saxophone and told to play loudly! All the beginners have made good progress, and I hope that they will stay long enough so that we can benefit from their playing.

One of the most important events was the visit of the Winchester Cathedral Choir; it was a wonderful experience to hear such singing in our chapel and later at the Cathedral and at the NAC. They picked the coldest week of the year so choristers were forbidden to open their mouths out of doors! Junior boarders were 'farmed out' to accommodate the visitors.

We need another piano, preferably a grand, to put in Argyle. This would avoid tiresome moving of the present piano and provide extra facilities for boarders who are pianists; at present they have to compete for playing time.

A final note to acknowledge the fact that instruments of any kind cost a lot of money and that we continue to rely on the generosity of Ashbury's many friends. My thanks and those of the students (Mr. Brookes' as well as my own, of course) are warmly extended. Long may such help continue!

A.C.T.





(Above): Matthew offers snow and daffodils on Bank Street.



Phillippe Deasjardins



James Posman



Brian Morrison



Simon Reeves

In spite of the weather, over 200 Ashbury students persevered in order to collect \$4,000.

DAFFODIL DAY

THE DEBATING SEASON

ASHBURY COLLEGE DEBATING

September 30th-October 3rd: Annual Ashbury College debating workshop. November 21st-1st Woollcombe Debate vs. Lisgar ('Be it resolved that Canadian Politics are dull.') Jack Pickersgill, guest speaker. Won by Ashbury.

November 23rd: Mock Elections — PC = 31%; Nationalists = 30.6%; Liberals = 21%; Communists = 13%; NDP = 4%.

January 12th: Ashbury Novice Debating Tournament vs. Lisgar ('Be it resolved that private schools are detrimental to the educational system.'). Ashbury/Elmwood won 5, lost 3; James Baxter and Fabrice Cadieux were the second best team over-all.

January 26th: 2nd Woollcombe vs St. Andrew's College ('Be it resolved that the Canadian business community makes little contribution to Canadian Society. Charles Bronfman, guest speaker. Ashbury won (barely).

February 3rd: Ottawa University - Ottawa Journal Debates (Regional Championships) ('Be it resolved that terrorism is a legitimate form of protest.'). Lauchlan Munro and Wayne Chodikoff advanced to the Provincial Finals.

February 26th: Fellowes H.S., Tournament at Pembroke.

March 9th: 3rd Woolcombe Debate (preparation for Ottawa area provincial finalists).

April 25th: Gloucester H.S. Tournament.

May 2nd: 4th Woollcombe Debate vs. Gloucester ('Be it resolved that Canada should Take a more active role in the world community.'). Michel Dupuy, guest speaker. Ashbury won.

May 11th: U.C.C. Debating Tournament. Lauchlan Munro and Fabrice Cadieux placed 7th out of 28 teams.

May 31st: Cadieux and Munro were in the finals of the Skyline Cablevision Debating Tournament. Ashbury lost to a team from St. Pius X.

Debating at Ashbury is run by Mr. Green's Inreach Committee composed of Jon Eddy, Wayne Chodikoff, Iain Morton, Lauchlan Munro, and Chuck Zwirewich; the Mock Elections also came under this group's umbrella.

It is possible that debating is on a downward trend in Ottawa-Carleton; a large group have graduated, the area's co-ordinator left for Alberta and two major local and one out-of-town tournaments were cancelled. None-the-less, debating is alive and well at Ashbury and sizable audiences were present at our debates.

Lauchlan Munro



(Above): Dave Welch, Wayne Chodikoff and Lauchlan Munro debate against Lisgar. Mr. Lister acts as Speaker.



(Above): Mr. Williamson and Mr. Edmonds listen intently.

EDDY	EDDY	EDDY	CLYDE
SALEH	STONE, S.	STONE	CLYDE
STONE, S.	STONE, D.	SEZLIK	SEZLIK
STONE, D.	CLYDE	HABETS, R.	SCHJERNING
CLYDE	BOOTH	HABETS, L.	CLYDE
BOOTH	HABETS, R.	SEZLIK	SEZLIK
HABETS, R.	SEZLIK	SPENCER	SCHJERNING
SEZLIK	LISTER, A.	SPENCER	SCHJERNING
LISTER, A.	MANN	DEERNSTEAD	
MANN	SPENCER	DEERNSTEAD	
SPENCER	DEERNSTEAD	SCHJERNING	
DEERNSTEAD	SCOLE		
SCOLE	DAVIES		
DAVIES	SCHJERNING		
SCHJERNING			



ROSS BROWN

STOP PRESS

ELEVENTH CANADIAN MATHEMATICS OLYMPIAD

Mr. William Ross Brown, an 18 year old, Grade 13 Ashbury College International Baccalaureat student, recently placed first in the Eleventh Canadian Mathematics Olympiad. This year's Olympiad was sponsored by Memorial University of Newfoundland, Department of Mathematics and Statistics, J.H. Burry Acting Chairman, Olympiad Committee (709) 743-1200. First prize is a cheque for \$1200.

The Canadian Mathematics Olympiad was first started over 30 years ago, after the Second World War by the Canadian Mathematics Society. The Society now sponsors the Olympiad and provides the prizes.

The Canadian Olympiad could lead to other International contests, such as the International Olympiad held in London, England. The Society wanted to submit a team this year, but could not receive the necessary funding from the Federal Government.

Mr. Brown also participated in the University of Waterloo Descartes Mathematics Contest for Grade 13. He placed second among 1953 contestants from 415 schools across Canada. David Ash, Thunder Bay, placed first. The Ashbury College Team of Ross Brown, Wayne Chodikoff and Michael Puttick placed 16th overall.

UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO — EUCLID MATHEMATICS CONTEST (GRADE 12)

Mr. James Puttick, a 16 year old Grade 12 Ashbury College student, recently placed second from the Ottawa-Carleton Region and fifth overall in Canada among 2274 competitors from 330 high schools. The Ashbury College Team of James Puttick, Michael Bravo and Winston Teng placed twenty-eighth overall.



At the Mock Elections held in November participation was vigorous. (Right): Jack Pickersgill was guest speaker at an Ashbury debate.





SPRING SPORTS



TRACK AND FIELD RESULTS 1979

SENIOR

Senior results: 100m (time = 12.4) - (1) Kayser (2) Abbott (3) Keyes (4) Paterson (5) Mozer II 200m (time = 25.6) - (1) Kayser (2) Paterson (3) Tamblyn I (4) Nel (5) Perron (6) Biewald. 400m - (time = 59.2) - (1) Chisholm (2) Anderson (3) Keyes (4) Williamson (5) Mozer II (6) Nader. 800m (time = 2.17.5) - (1) Beedell (2) Chisholm (3) Bravo (4) Goebbel (5) Nader (6) Jackson II. 1500m (time 4.37.3) - (1) Chisholm (2) Beedell (3) Abbott (4) Place (5) Tamblyn I (6) Bravo. High Jump - (1) Biewald at 5'5" (2) Morrison I (3) Raikles (4) Paterson (5) Tomalty (6) Dym. Long Jump - (1) Biewald with 17'21/2" (2) Kayser (3) Bejkosalj II (4) Puttick I (5) Chang (6) Anderson. Discus - (1) Kayser with 35m 20cms (2) Desjardins I (3) Azadeh (4) Maclare I (5) Dym (6) Martin. Javelin - (1) Kayser with a new record of 189' (2) Leakey (3) Keenan I (4) Vanasse (5) Raikles (6) Azadeh. Shot Put - (1) Keenan I with 40'10" (2) Seyferth (3) Wenkoff (4) Gardner (5) Teng (6) Maclare I. Relay (1) Perry (2) Alexander (3) Woolcombe (4) Connaught.

JUNIOR

Junior results: 100m (Time = 13) - (1) Hall I (2) Gamble (3) Corbett (4) Chow (5) Bossons (6) Young. 200m (time = 27.2) - (1) Gamble (2) Bossons (3) Corbett (4) Futterer (5) Wickham (6) Assaly. 400m (time = 1.03.1) - (1) Bobinski I (2) Mierins (3) Freitag (4) Campeau (5) Groves (6) Milroy. 800m (time = 2.37.6) - (1) Bobinski I (2) Campeau (3) Caza (4) Moonje (5) Lister I (6) Horwood. 1500m (time = 5.5.4) - (1) Bobinski I (2) Scoles (3) Blair (4) Sellers II (5) Lister I (6) Freitag. High Jump - (1) Futterer at 5' (2) Mierins (3) Lister I (4) Caza (5) Wilson (5) and Dickson (tied). Long Jump - (1) Gamble with 14' 10 1/2" (2) Hall I (3) Wickham (4) Bossons (5) Freitag (6) Mozer III. Discus - (1) Gamble at 34m 2cms (2) Hall I (3) Webb (4) Ellis (5) Wilson (6) Freitag. Javelin - (1) Gamble with 40m 01cms (2) Tamblyn II (3) Hall I (4) Kirkwood (5) Grainger (6) Posman. Shot put - (1) Bossons with 37' 8" (2) Webb (3) Freitag (4) Scoles (5) Corbett (6) Bobinski I. Relay - (1) Perry (2) Woollcombe (3) Connaught (4) Alexander.





Young, Hall, Corbett and Chow battle in the 100 Metres. (Below): Cam Morrison.



(Below Right): Chisholm leads in the 1500 Metres against (Left): Tamblyn, Robertson, Bravo.



(Above): Mike Caza. (Below): Bill Warwick.





Softball ballet. (Below): Winston Teng.



Ashbury students eagerly took up rowing this year.



The shell is hoisted before being gingerly lowered into the water.



(Above): John Sciarra and Tom Bejkosalj.



Becky Macoun



Cox, Andrew Johnston.



CHATTING WITH REV. E.E. GREEN



FOCUS

'JEEP'

Reverend 'Jeep' Green has been Ashbury's chaplain for more than a decade. Born in Toronto, he managed to maintain a good academic standard in both elementary and secondary school; his main interests were, however, outside the classroom. He joined a young people's group and became a scoutmaster at 16. Even though his family had no religious background, he joined a bible study group. While he was in the tenth grade, he worked as a server in an Anglican church, where he was later baptized.

After high school 'Jeep' went to Trinity College for four years of philosophy and history. While at Trinity, he became president of the Canterbury Club. His duties included organizing debates, arranging social events, and inviting guest speakers to the Toronto campus. He says he enjoyed the "good, clean fun" at Trinity.

In his last year of college, he gained some experience in the procedures and decorum of the church, working as a student assistant at St. Agnes' in Toronto (After graduation, 'Jeep' became rector of that same church).

'Jeep' recalls his first congregation as a lively group in spite of its small size. Accustomed to reading the lesson as a student assistant, 'Jeep' realized as he neared the end of his first sermon that he had no closing remarks. His nervousness grew as his text ended and the audience stared up at him in expectation. Finally he blurted out "Here endeth the sermon;" he reports that it took the congregation at least five minutes to stop laughing.

Later that same year, 1952, he was married. The following June he moved to Weyburn, Sask. It was there, on December 31, 1953, that 'Jeep' was ordained as a priest. He joined his first parish, at Raymore, Sask., the following spring. He remained there until 1963, when he moved to Ottawa to take up a position at All Saints' Church. Then, in 1969, he came to Ashbury.

The circumstances bringing him into contact with Ashbury were, unfortunately, tragic. An Ashbury boy that 'Jeep' knew was fatally injured in a fall. One of his many visits to the hospital where the boy was resting happened to coincide with a visit by Mr. Joyce. Not long after their meeting, the headmaster offered him the position of chaplain at

the school.

'Jeep' says he considered the move carefully; he has been spending a lot of time at seminars and lectures for and about young people — so much time that he had little left for his family. Ashbury had the young people that he wanted to help, while allowing him time enough to be close to his family as well.

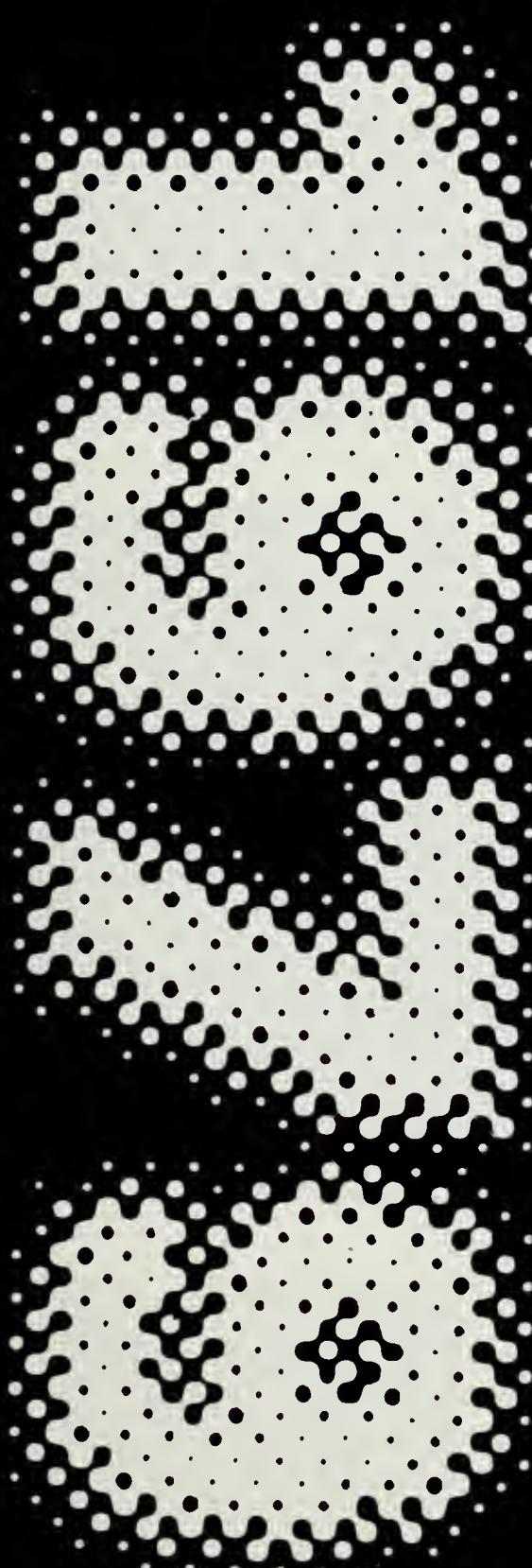
When 'Jeep' came to Ashbury, it was still known as the 'Reform School of Greater Ottawa'. He was instrumental in transforming the school. Calling himself a 'NOWist' — as the title suggests, concerned with the present, the now — 'Jeep' set about changing Ashbury. He began to participate, to organize, to make changes in the system. The change has been for the better.

'Jeep's secret to success is that he never forces people to do things, and he never organizes anything alone. He considers himself a catalyst, implanting small ideas and letting them snowball into something big. He feels that the "vastest universe is the mind" and wants to help young people achieve their full potential. He is doing a great job.

'Jeep' Green is a soft-spoken, kind, humourous man who has done a lot to improve the quality of life at Ashbury; may his next decade be as successful as his last!

John Lund and Nanno Habets





ASHBURN

ASHBURN

ASHBURIAN

ASHBURIAN

ASHBURIAN

STAFF AND STUDENTS



Mr. Scott Crockett and Mr. David Polk do some planning.



(Above): Mr. Jim Humphreys. (Below): Mr. John Valentine.



(Left): Mr. Bill Babbitt. (Below Left): Kalli Varakalis; Mr. John Beedell.





Mrs. Leslie Leachman.



(Above): Tissue art. (Below Left): Mrs. Betty Babbitt, Mrs. Mary-ann Varley and Mr. Eric Chappell. (Lower Right): Dilawri and Sezlik with 'Stretch' Armstrong



(Below): Mrs. Suzette MacSkimming.





(Above): Mr. David Polk watches a game against Sedberg. (Right): A member of The Madeira Quintet talks about her instrument before performing for the Junior School.

8

(Front): J.H. Puddicombe, G.R. Hall, S.A. Prakash, A.M. Afriat, M.A. Seropian, J.F. Des Coteaux, M. Saleh. (Middle): Mr. D.L. Polk, A.M. MacLaren, D.J. Leduc, R.C. Dinsdale, N.E. Davies, J.A. Bociek. (Back): R. Kramer, P.W. Murray, M.G. Holmes, J.G. Booth, A.K.T. Abankwa, K.D. Wood, R.H. Edmonds.



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TEACHING STAFF



8

(Front): M. Natterer, D. Tremblay, L.W. Jacobs, N. Thie, A. Ahamed, A. Abrahams, J.G. Boyd. (Middle): Mr. J.L. Beedell, P.R.J. O'Dwyer, A.L.G. Bailey, J.G. Hoermann, T. MacMahon, N.N. Stanbury, S.E. Flam, J.J. Downy, P.T. Naessen, F. Carpenter, J.D. Bates. (Back): R. Gwyn, A.P. Spoerri, M.J. Cohen, J.R. Hoddinott, M.E. Williams, D.G. Alce, A.D. Inderwick.

7A

(Front): W.J. Paterson, C.I. Madison, R. Szirtes, C.C. Futterer, B.P. King, E. Hegmann, W.P.J. Guglich. (Center): Mr. G.W. Babbitt, B.A. Smith, M.C.T. O'Dwyer, R.R. Moore, T.B. Dallett, E.J. Feeley, M.C. Green, A. Przednowek. (Back): D.F. Collette, P.D. Gualtieri, S.B. Matthews, J.G. Simpson, R.A. Spencer. Absent: P.W.M. Bannister.





7K

(Front): A.K. Henry, J.A. Godsall, E.B.T. Thomas, L. St. Onge, P.A. Deziel, K.I.G. McKenzie, J.W. Bates. (Second): Mr. E. Chappell, R.E. Clyde, A.W. Thomas, P.A. Morrison, A.G. MacDonald, N.G.M. McKinney, J.R.M. Gardner, S.A.F. Fuller. (Back): P.R.A. Arroyas, D.L. McKenzie, J.G. Barr, A.G. Marsden, T.A. Sheriff.

7L

(Front): G.A.C. Yull, M. Chakulya, J.W. Ott, J.C.J. Boswell, J.D. Saunders, M.W. Bairo, E.M. Goldfield. (Middle): Mr. J.N. Valentine, A.J. Spoerri, S. Mikhael, D.B. Glass, S.M. Poulet, P.J. George, D.P. Arnold. (Back): R.A.S. Ojala, P.N. Johnston, C.L. Haslett, E. Calleia, P. Griffin.





6

(Front): G.J. Saumier-Finch, D.S. Smith, P.A. Neurauter, G.M. Lang, J.A. Cogan, M.S. Bulmer, R. Benoit, P.R. Kelly. (Middle): A.D. Rhodes, J.D.R. Taylor, M.A. Madison, R. Dilawri, E.P. Rechnitzer, E.J.S. Maywood, D.L. Eyre, S. Borg. (Back): S.W. Simpson, J.E. Heuser, S. Khan, C.J. Sezlik, W.G. Teron, J.M. Jones, P. Hallett, T. Sosin.



5

(Front): D.G.H. Fyfe, M.R. Daniel, B.C. Taron, G.E. Butler, W.M.S. Boisvert, S.P.J. McAuley, R. Webster. (Middle): Mr. D.C. Polk, P.N. Due, J. Reilly, P.N. Paro, V.P.J. Hugh, J.N. Brotnik, R.J. Henderson, A.E. Danesh. (Back): A.B. Sommers, K.W. West, K. Helm, M.J. McElroy.

MLTS (80% OR BETTER)

GRADE 5:

Teron
Butler
Heim
Due
Danesh
Brotman

87.6
87.5
84.7
84.2
80.9
80.0

GRADE 6:

Bulmer
Jones
Rechnitzer
Dilawri
Kelly
Saumier-Finch

GRADE 7A:

Matthews
Green
Gualtieri
Hegman
Przednowek
Dallett
King
Paterson
Szirtes
Simpson I
Futterer

GRADE 7L:

Mikhael

90.9

GRADE 8A:

Saleh
Booth

GRADE 7K:

Binney

83.8

Thomas

83.4

Afriat, Wood, Davies

earned 80%.

and Sherif

80.0



THE MONITORS — 1979

(Left): Andy Ahamad, Louis Jacobs, David Alce, Mr. J.S. Crockett, Pat O'Dwyer, John Booth, Mike Holmes.

Editorial

As editor of this year's Junior Ashburian, I would like to thank Mr. Polk Jr. and Mr. Lister for their help and patience. I feel I have learnt something about journalism from them.

This section of the book is intended to show the new boy what's in store for him and to serve as a recollection for those leaving the school.

I would also like to give a final thanks to Mr. Crockett and to all the other teachers for their guidance and encouragement throughout the year.

John Booth

Gold Star Performers (For Effort In All Areas of School Life):

- 8A F. DesCoteaux
- J. Booth
- 7A B. King
- T. Dallett
- 7L S. Mikhael
- 6 E. Rechnitzer

House Standings

(1) Hobbits

Captains: M. Holmes, B. King

(2) Goblins

Captains: R. Edmonds, M. Green

(3) Wizards

Captains: M. Finn, B. Smith

(4) Dragons

Captains: D. Alce, C. Madison

This year our tournament team was very successful. The tournament was held at Hillfield Stathallan which is a private school in Hamilton Ontario. We played well and really enjoyed ourselves, and our first day was one of our best. We played two games on the first day; in the morning we won 4-1 against St. George's school from Toronto. In the afternoon, we won over St. John's school from Elora by a narrow 2-1 margin. On the following day, we won our game against L.C.C. 2-1, but lost to Crescent school 0-2. That afternoon, we lost 2-1 against Appleby College in a really close game. On the final day we beat Ridley 2-1 in an excellent game of soccer; this victory secured for our team the fifth place position in the overall tournament standings. In the final for first place, St. George's from British Columbia defeated Crescent 5-2.

Our scorers were Patrick Guglich with four goals, Gus Jacobs with two, Tony Rhodes with two, and Ralph Dinsdale with one point. On behalf of the whole team, I would like to thank Messers Crockett and Valentine for our great time in Hamilton.

-Sky Matthews.



Mrs. Reilly watches as Rider Daniels. (Right), on ball, gets help from Gary Butler (Back) and Bruce Teron

ROCKCLIFFE CLEAN-UP

This fall the tournament soccer team will be making the long trip to Vancouver to play in the Independent Schools Soccer tournament. In order to cover the cost of the expensive trip, the junior school has, and will be launching a number of fund-raising activities. The first of these was the "Great Rockcliffe Clean-up and Bottle Drive". All the village was divided into four sections, one for each School House and a friendly competition was held.

The champions were the Hobbits with a total of \$277.10. Next came the Goblins (\$250.25), Dragons (\$148.00) and, bringing up the rear the Wizards with a total of \$132.65. With the bottle revenues a total of \$860.25 was raised.

We, at Ashbury, would like to express our gratitude to the householders of Rockcliffe for their generous support for this project.

D.C.P.



(Above): Jeff Hall, in white, almost scores against L.C.C.





1st SOCCER TEAM

(Front): F.N. Des Coteaux, A.M. McLaren, D.J. Leduc, L.H. Habets, T.J. McMahon, Capt., M. Natterer, A.K. Henry. (Back): A.K.T. Abankwa, J.G. Archibald, F.M. Finn, A.P. Spoerri, J.H. Puddicombe, A.P. Inderwick, P.W. Murray, D.G. Alce, Mr. J.S. Crockett.

TOURNAMENT TEAM



(Front): G. Yull, C. Futterer, J. Godsall, P. Guglich, C. Sezlik, C. Madison, G. Jacobs. (Back): Mr. S. Crockett, S. Matthews, J. Bates, J. Boyd, E. Calleia, D. Gualtieri, A. Marsden, R. Dinsdale, Mr. J. Valentine.



3A SOCCER

(Front): M.W. Baird, J.W. Ott, S.M. Poulet, N.M.R. Thie, R.A.S. Ojala, G.R. Hall, E.M. Goldfield, B.P. King, L.J. St. Onge. (Back): A.H. Ahamad, P.T. Naessen, P.R.J. O'Dwyer, Capt., S.C.K. Stone, R.H. Edmonds, P. Griffin, Mr. J.H. Humphreys.

3B SOCCER

(Front): J.C.J. Boswell, W.J. Paterson, S.E. Flam, P.A. Morrison, D.P. Arnold, M.C. Green, J.G. Booth, M.A. Seropian, M.W. Saleh. (Back): A.T. Bailey, C.L. Haslett, R.A. Spencer, P.R.A. Arroyas, M.E. Williams, M.G. Holmes, Capt., B.A. Smith, Mr. J.H. Humphreys.



3B SOCCER

We only played two games and lost both of them. We put up a good fight, but Appleby passed very well and overpowered our defence. The goalie, Bailey, let in a few goals in the first game and just gave up.

Mr. Humphreys, our coach, was very encouraging. He pointed out what we did wrong and how to improve on our playing ability. We did many playing exercises, including running, heading and kicking the soccer ball with the inside and outside of our feet. All in all it was a good season.



4th SOCCER

(Front): E.P. Rechnitzer, G.J. Saumier-Finch, J.N. Brotman, R. Dilawri, W.G. Teron, M.A. Madison, E.J.S. Maywood. (Back): P.J. George, J.A. Cogan, D.G.H. Fyfe, D.L. Eyre, P.N. Due, M.J. McElroy, P.J. Hughes, G.M. Lang, Mr. E.R. Chappell.

In October, many soccer rejects made an enjoyable visit to Mr. Beedell's farm. We left the school in the morning and arrived about an hour later. First thing we did was either push Mr. Beedell's beat-up Volkswagen out of the way, topple piled bales of hay, or something else mischievous.

After the fun and games, we feasted on hot dogs,

soup, cake, and chocolate milk. After lunch we played "Capture-the-Flag" and tried a little orienteering.

After all this excitement we went for a hay-ride on Mr. Beedell's tractor-trailer. Finally, before the buses arrived, we put in some time in hay-fights and "Volkswagen-turnng". . . Many thanks to Mr. Beedell. S. Prakash.



James Brotman gets set for a pass.



The J4 team had a pretty good season, under the new coach, Mr. Chappell. We started out as hogs, each one of us trying to play on his own, with no passing, hardly any shooting, but taking the ball and rushing up the field trying to score. After two games against SedBergh (first won 1-0, second lost 4-1) we knew what our problem was. When we played against U.C.C. down in Toronto, we found a team made up of 9 and 10 year olds, very small, but very quick. Next thing we knew, four goals went in against us, and we only scored two (both by Hughes), though we played a better game than before, and passed better.

The next game at Crescent, we were beaten 4-0, and we all wondered why. But I must say that we improved a lot from the beginning of the season, particularly in agility, thanks to Mr. Chappell's professional coaching. Thanks also to all the players who participated on the team.

E.P. Reehnitzer



(Above): Mr. Elroy charges in for a shot!



JUNIOR 4 RESULTS: Ashbury vs. Sedbergh (won (1-0), vs. Sedbergh (lost 2-4), vs. U.C.C. (lost 2-4), vs. Crescent (lost 0-4), vs. Sedbergh (tied 3-3).



TOURNAMENT TEAM

(Back): Mr. J.N. Valentine, T.J. McMahon, E. Calleia, D.G. Alce, R.A.S. Ojala, D.J. Leduc, A.M. Maclarens. (Front): C.J. Sezlik, A.K. Henry, L.W. Jacobs, J.G. Boyd, G.A.C. Yull, J.A. Godsall, J.G. Archibald.



1st HOCKEY

(Back): Mr. E.R. Chappell, T.J. McMahon, E. Calleia, J.C.J. Boswell, D.J. Leduc, P.A. Morrison, J.G. Boyd, J.N. Valentine, Esq. (Front): C.J. Sezlik, W.P. J. Guglich, P.R. Kelly, J.A. Godsall, L.W. Jacobs, P.J. Hughes, J.W. Ott, J.G. Archibald. Absent - J.W. Bates, G.A.C. Yull.



2nd HOCKEY

(Back): Mr. E.R. Chappell, J.C.J. Boswell, P.A. Morrison, A.G. Marsden, J.R. Hoddinott, A.L.G. Bailey, M. Natterer. (Front): S.A. Flam, B.A. Smith, J.W. Ott, W.P.J. Guglich, P.W. Murray, G.R. Hall, L.J. St. Onge, A.R. Ahamad. Absent - J.W. Bates.



3rd HOCKEY

(Back): Mr. J.S. Crockett, S. Khan, S.W. Simpson, W.G. Teron, E.P. Rechnitzer, G.M. Lang, P.N. Due. (Front). D.S. Smith, G.J. Saumier-Finch, J.E. Reilly, M.A. Madison, J.A. Cogan, P.R. Kelly. Absent - A.D. Rhodes.

JUNIOR SCHOOL TRACK AND FIELD

MIDGET 100M -	(1) Lang (H) (2) Kelly (W) (3) Paterson (G)	High Jump -	(1) Teron (C) (2) Sauer (G) (3) Banister (G)
200M -	(1) Collette (H) (2) Teron (G) (3) Henderson (W)	Long Jump -	(1) Kelly (W) (2) Collette (H) (3) Reilly (W)
400M -	(1) Collette (H) (2) Lang (H) (3) Seeth (D)		
800M -	(1) Rhodes (D) (2) Lang (H) (3) Teron (G)		
Spiral Throw -	(1) Collette (H) (2) Hawkes (D) (3) Henderson (G)	4 x 100 Relay -	(1) Wizards (2) Hobo's (3) Goblins (4) Dragons

JUNIOR 100M -	(1) Gardner (H) (2) Baird (G) (3) George (W)	200M -	(1) Guglich (H) (2) Goddall (G) (3) Arroyas (W)
High Jump -	(1) Homann (D) (2) Marsden (W) (3) Madison (G)	400M -	(1) Goddall (D) (2) Madison (G) (3) Marsden (W)
Long Jump -	(1) Oosthuizen (G) (2) Marion (H) (3) Guglich (H)	800M -	(1) Goddall (D) (2) Mackenzie (W) (3) Madison (G)
Shot Put -	(1) Calicchio (W) (2) Sharif (H) (3) Arnold (W)	Discus	(1) Anamad (G) (2) Marsden (W) (3) Guglich (H)

4 x 100 Relay - (1) Hobo's (2) Wizards (3) Goblins (4) Dragons

SENIOR: 100M -	(1) Griffin (H) (2) McLaren (G) (3) Murray (G)
200M -	(1) Griffin (H) (2) Murray (G) (3) Bates (G)
400M -	(1) Puddicombe (D) (2) Stowe (W) (3) McLaren (G)
800M -	(1) Puddicombe (D) (2) McLaren (D) (3) Henry (C)
High Jump	(1) Bates (G) (2) McLaren (G) (3) Stowe (W)
Long Jump	(1) Griffin (H) (2) Bates (W) (3) Puddicombe (D)
Shot Put -	(1) Bates (G) (2) Stowe (W) (3) Griffin (H)
Discus -	(1) Lomax (W) (2) Davies (G) (3) Davies (G)

1500M - OPEN -	(1) McLaren (D) (2) Godsall (D) (3) Puddicombe (D)
-----------------------	--

INDIVIDUAL

WINNERS: Individual Leaders

Junior - Goblets (H) with 26 points. Junior Goblets with 20 points; Senior - Bates and Griffin each with 18 points.

4 x 100 Relay - (1) Dragons, (2) Goblets, (3) Wizards, (4) Hobbits

Team Standings: (1) Goblets with 164 points, (2) Dragons with 157 points, (3) Hobbits with 148 points, (4) Wizards with 11 points



(Top Left): Rolf Dinsdale is just one step ahead of Tamir Sharif; Duncan Saunders in back. (Above): Bobby Spencer. (Middle): Eric Goldfield. (Center): Jay Godsall. (Below): Ian MacKenzie. (Lower Left): Mr. Crockett with Martin Natterer. (Lowest Right): Eric Feeley (left) checks on Eric Hegman who leads Casey Futterer (beside Feeley) Kevin West and Spoerri. Some battle for second place!





Greg Saumier-Finch



Simon Borg



Joe McMahon



Philip
Morrison



Jay
Godsall



Libo Habets

JUNIOR - SENIOR SCHOOL PRIZE DAY

What is Prize Day?



A memory of dappled sunlight on blue blazers.

(Right): Steve Mozer and Colette Vanasse.



Mrs. Ogden Martin and daughters Sarah and Caroline.

General Proficiency:

Bruce Teron (Form 5), Edgar Rechnitzer (Form 6), Sam Mikheal (Form 7L), Robert Binney (Form 7K), Dominic Gualtieri (Form 7A), Norman Stanbury (Form 8), John Booth (Form 8A).



Her Honour Pauline McGibbon.

A recognition of excellence . . .



(Below): Mrs. Dalton



. . . And of the importance of friendship . . .



(Above): Dave Pigott wins the '77 Cup for his service to Ashbury. (Below): Bernie Seyferth holds The Boarder's Shield.

Awards of Merit for diligence, effort, and improvement during the year: Peter Due (Form 5), Mark Bulmer (Form 6), Andrew Spoerri (Form 7L), Tamir Sherif (Form 7K), Mike Green (Form 7A), Pat O'Dwyer (Form 8). The Coyne Prize for improvement in French: Jeffrey Archibald. The Irene Woodburn Wright Music Prize: Francis DesCoteaux. The Thomas Choir Prize: John Booth. The Polk Prize for Poetry Reading: Dominic Gualtieri. The Alwyn Cup for Junior School Track and Field: John Bates and Philip Griffin. The Athletic Cup: Joe McMahon

A thanks for having served so well . . .

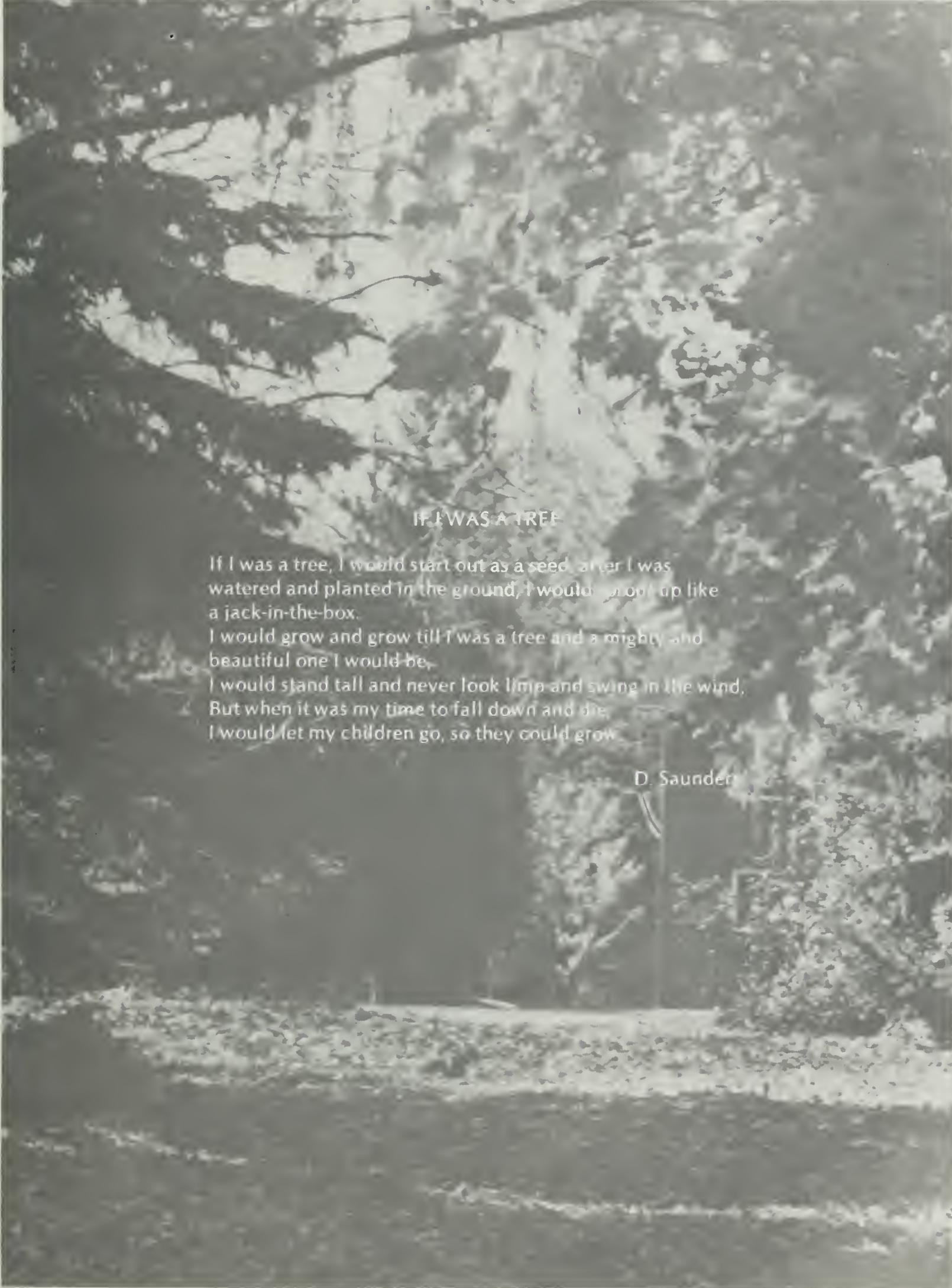


The Junior School Prize for Art: Jerry Ott. The Charles Gale Prize for Public Speaking: Brian King. The Science Fair Prize - Junior Category: Andrew Thomas (first), Andrew MacDonald, Nicholas McKinney. The Gauss Mathematical Contest Prize (Ashbury, Elmwood, St. Brigid's): Nicholas Davies. The John Michael Hilliard Memorial Prize: Francis DesCoteaux and Daniel Leduc. The Stephen Clifford Memorial Cup: Francis DesCoteaux. The Woods Shield: John Booth. The Pittfield Shield: won by The Hobbits and accepted by Michael Holmes and Brian King. SENIOR SCHOOL ACADEMIC PRIZES: Year 1 - Mathematics: Marek Przednowek; English: Robert Latta; French: Robbie Mann; History: Marek Przednowek; Geography: Marek Przednowek; Geographie Francais: Robbie Mann; Typing (Girls): Lisa Stillborn; Typing (Boys): Dennis Gamble. Year 1 and 2 Art: Michel Korwin. Year 2 - General Science: Kevin Keenan; English: Fabrice Cadieux; The Jobling Prize for French: David Owen; Geography: David Owen; History: Fabrice Cadieux. Years 2 and 3 Business Accounting: Todd Williamson. Year 3 - Mathematics: Grant McIntosh; English: Timothy Webb; French: Jonathan Eddy; Geography: Jonathan Eddy; German: Timothy Webb. Years 3 and 4 - Business Studies: Catherine Smith; Biology: Jonathan Eddy; Chemistry: Tony Yuen; Physics: Jonathan Eddy; Politics: Glen Schjerning. Year 4 - The Dr. O.J. Firestone Prize for Mathematics: James Puttick; The Brain Prize for History: Lauchlan Munro; The Pemberton Prize for Geography: Nanno Habets. Years 4 and 5 Writing Skills: Nelson Boz. The Ashbury Chess Tournament (Open): Glen Schjerning (winner), with finalist Andrew Clyde. Science Fair: Fabrice Cadieux, Michel Korwin, David Owen (1st, Intermediate), with Jeff Mierins and Sean Murray (second, Intermediate); Alex Paterson (1st. Senior), and Kevin Whalley (second, Senior). Year 5 - Biology: David Welch; Chemistry: Ross Brown; French: Pierre Vanasse; Economics: Felicity Smith and Michael Bennett; Geography: David Welch; History: David Welch. General Proficiency Prizes - Year 1: Robbie Mann; Year 2: Fabrice Cadieux; Year 3: Jonathan Eddy; Year 4: Michael Bravo and Tony Yuen; Year 5 (The Governor General's Medal): Ross Brown. The Ladies Guild Merit Awards (for effort, diligence, and improvement during the year) - Year 1: Todd Sellers; Year 2: Chris Wirth; Year 3: Frank Porreca and Jack Dym; Year 4: Normand Langlois; Year 5: Jean-Gaston DesCoteaux. The J.J. Marland Prize for Year 5 Mathematics (presented by the Zagerman Family): Ross Brown. The Headmaster's Special Award: Ross Brown. The Dr. J.L. Ablack Prize: James Puttick. The Senior School Poetry Prize: Fabrice Cadieux. The Ross McMaster Prize for Intermediate Public Speaking: Fabrice Cadieux. The Ovenden College Prize for French (open competition; awarded by Raina S. Shopoff):

Fabrice Cadieux. The A.B. Belcher Memorial Prize for the best short story in the Upper School: Fabrice Cadieux. The Snelgrove Memorial Prize for Middle School Mathematics: Michel Korwin (year 2). The Adam Podhrasky Prize for Modern History: Andrew Johnston (year 3). The Robert Gerald Moore Memorial Prize for English: Lauchlan Munro (year 4). The Fiorenza Drew Memorial Prize for French: Fabrice Cadieux (year 4). The Hon. George Drew Memorial Prize for Advanced English: Jeffrey Jackson (year 5). The Ekes Memorial Prize for Physics: Ross Brown (year 5). The Gary Horning Memorial Shield for Senior Public Speaking: Timothy Webb. The Wilson Sheild for Senior School Inter-House Competition: won by Perry House and accepted by Ian Kayser, Peter Robertson, David Welch. The Nelson Shield annually awarded to the Captain of the School in recognition of his leadership and dedication to duty: Wayne Chodikoff. The Charles Rowley Booth Trophy for the greatest achievement in both scholarship and athletics: David Beedell. The Southam Cup for the greatest achievement in both scholarship and athletics in the year 5: John Sezlik.

(Below): Mr. Hinnell, Amanda Lovatt, Sabina Jurgens.

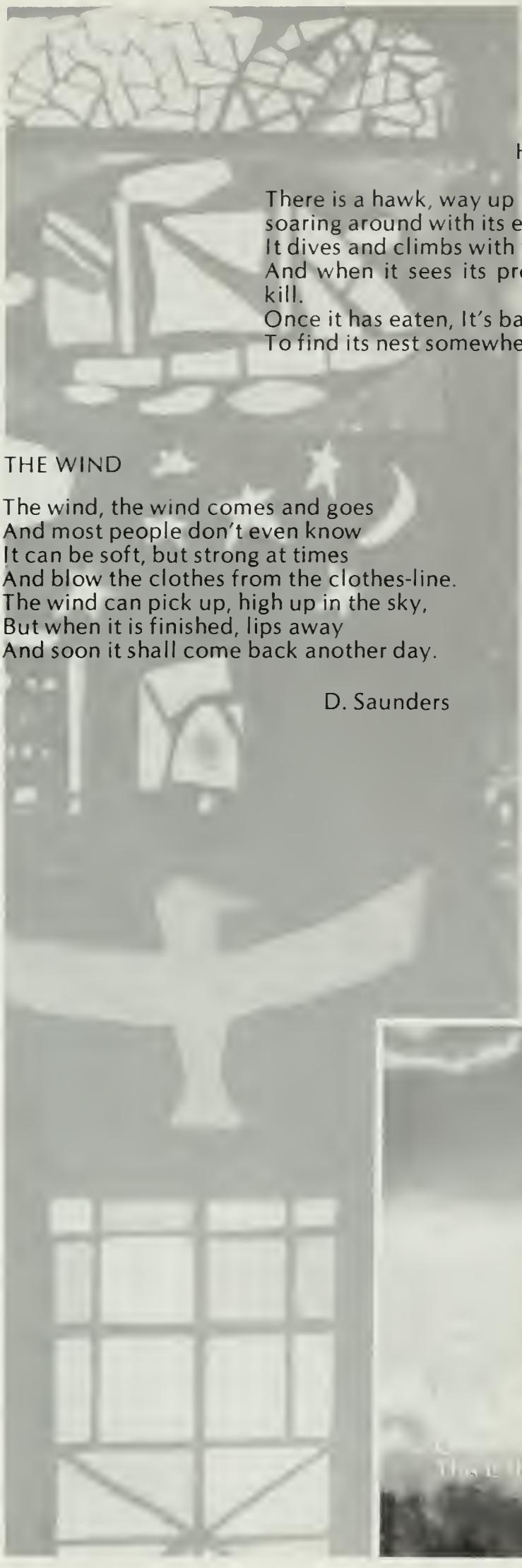




If I Was A Tree

If I was a tree, I would start out as a seed, after I was
watered and planted in the ground, I would ~~grow~~ up like
a jack-in-the-box.
I would grow and grow till I was a tree and a mighty and
beautiful one I would be.
I would stand tall and never look ~~limp~~ and swing in the wind,
But when it was my time to fall down and die,
I would let my children go, so they could grow.

D. Saunderson



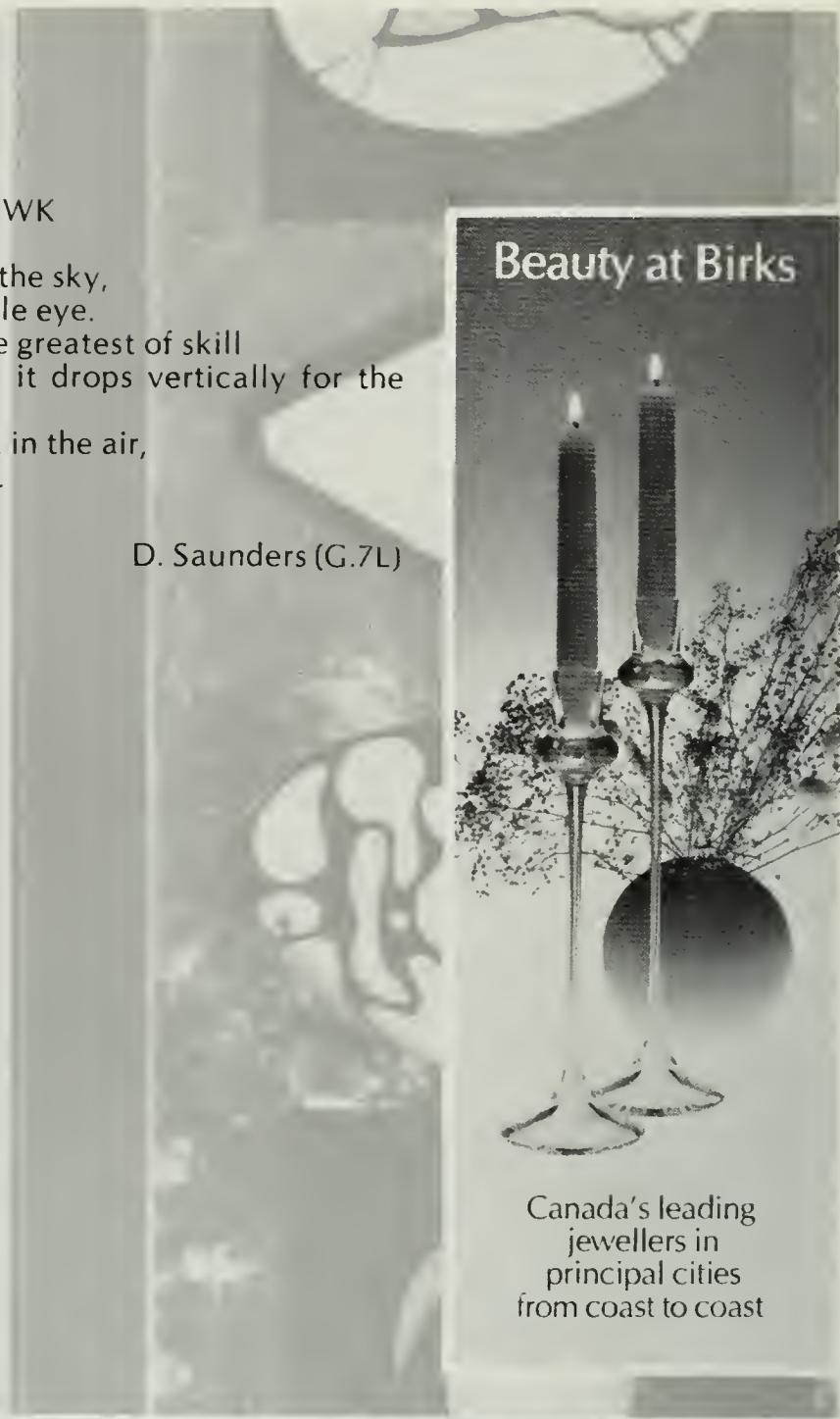
HAWK

There is a hawk, way up in the sky,
soaring around with its eagle eye.
It dives and climbs with the greatest of skill
And when it sees its prey, it drops vertically for the
kill.
Once it has eaten, It's back in the air,
To find its nest somewhere.

THE WIND

The wind, the wind comes and goes
And most people don't even know
It can be soft, but strong at times
And blow the clothes from the clothes-line.
The wind can pick up, high up in the sky,
But when it is finished, lips away
And soon it shall come back another day.

D. Saunders



Beauty at Birks

D. Saunders (G.7L)

Canada's leading
jewellers in
principal cities
from coast to coast



- Kevin West (G. 5)

A CLASSROOM SCENE

Mr. Polk made his usual dramatic opening remarks:

"My purpose in trying to teach youse guys to speak English good is defeated when you don't never listen! Now, Shaddup, Holmes!"

"Mr. Polk is constantly picking on me," complained Holmes. "He always tells me to be quiet, when I can't ever be heard over the constant chattering of Davies, Saleh and Seropian."

Trembling with nervousness, Wood interrupted. "To suffer in silence is my lot in life."

Excited by the silence broken by reply so aptly spoken, the class exploded.

"Hold it! Hold it! Mr. Polk screamed. Here's my thought for the day. A little passage from *The Raven*, by Edgar Allan Poe:

"Suddenly there came a tapping, as of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door . . ."

The door burst open. Trembling with rage, Mr. Crockett stood in the doorway. "Didn't you hear my knocking?" he shouted.

"What's going on here? I'm trying to explain to potential parents the value of discipline which we emphasize at Ashbury, and I can't make myself heard in my office!"

The door slammed behind his disapproving back.

The stunned silence was broken by the squeaking, soprano voice of Edmonds: "I am a triple threat quarterback. My passing, running and kicking keep the opponents on their toes."

"Yes," shouted Hall, "but your passing game sometimes backfires. You remember those eleven intercepted bombs last game. Each one was run back for a touchdown!"

"That's true," added Habets. "And actually, his punting average is just over four yards."

"You're right," screamed Morton. "And as for the running, his average in this department is minus six yards."

"That's just what I mean," sobbed Edmonds. "The opponents have to keep on their toes — ready to gallop away for a score."

"I have here a \$5 bill." Mr. Polk was speaking in a soothing voice; "and the first boy to raise his hand may have the money."

But no one was listening, and Mr. Polk collapsed, moaning, and steadily banging his head on the desk.

A teacher's eye view . . .



THE GREAT HORNED OWL

It was a sunny morning in February, 1972. I heard the angry cries of quarrelling crows outside my bedroom window. I rushed to see what was the matter. In our garden there is a huge Norway Maple tree with its enormous branches reaching towards the clear blue sky. As I stood looking out towards the tree, I could see the black crows circling something in the very top of the maple tree. What were they so excited about? Then I caught a glimpse of a beautiful owl. With the help of a book about birds, I was able to make sure that the creature was in fact a Great Horned Owl. For some reason, the owl was not able to fly properly, perhaps because the crows had injured it. Suddenly a branch gave way under the weight of the owl and several crows. The crows cawed and flew away, but the owl fell fluttering to the ground. I ran down stairs, put on my coat and boots, and went down to the basement.

In the basement was some plastic netting which my father had used in the garden during the summer. I took this netting and ran out to the owl. The crows all flew away as I appeared. I was able to cover up the owl with the netting and then to put it into a large cardboard box. Soon after when my mother came down I told her all about it; she said that the Humane Society would know to do, so we called them. Since we had a big station wagon, we were able to take the owl to the Humane Society shelter right away. When we got there, the owl gave us a big hoo, hoo hooo as if saying "Thank You".

R. Henderson (Gr. 8)

DREAMS

Dreams may be thoughts
That flow like streams;
They can be vivid or unclear,
And very sincere.

Some dream at day,
And others at night,
Of peace and happiness
And love for others.

People may have nightmares
Horrible and terrifying -
Only remembered
If suddenly woken.

M. Bulmer (Gr. 6)

CHESEPEAKE BAY HOLD-UP

Dusk slowly closed in on the small well lit cabin on Chesapeake Bay. Inside, the Morgan family sat peacefully around the hearth of a big stone fireplace. Suddenly a knock shattered the peace. Seven year old Dan jumped up to acknowledge it. A tall skinny man with deep set brown eyes and dark, bushy eyebrows filled the doorway. He wore a hunting shirt with deep, broad pockets, overalls and dirty Greb boots. On his hands were a pair of black leather gloves as it was early November and fairly cold. Slowly, suspiciously, he entered.

"Do you have a boat?", he demanded gruffly.

"Yes", Mr. Morgan answered hesitantly.

"Take me across the bay", snapped the stranger as he pulled a small black revolver from his pocket.

"At night?"

"Yeah, they're lookin' for me around here."

"Would Taylor's landing do? It's about ten miles."

"It'll do. Let's get movin'."

"I'll be back in a couple of hours," Mr. Morgan murmured as he left the cottage at gunpoint. In a half a minute they reached the dock.

"We're ready," he said and jumped aboard, noting that the oars had been left in the boathouse. With a little grumbling, the ten horse-power motor started up and they headed across the bay.

A suspicious silence broken only by the hum of the motor, reigned between the two men. Suddenly the engine began to cough and sputter, then died. For the first time that trip, someone spoke.

"What's wrong?" demanded the stranger.

"Maybe there's some air in the gasoline," Mr. Morgan replied, tilting the engine forward.

"How much farther?"

There was no reply, except for a small splash... Geoff Morgan had dived over, taking with him a small shear pin that held the propeller. Without it the motor was useless. There were no oars, the stranger was helpless. Only a very good swimmer would have attempted it. A cold, numb figure crawled onto the beach a few hours later. Slowly and with dragging feet he trudged up the beach to the cottage. Once dried off and changed, he phoned the police, then recounted the tale to his wife. In a few minutes Geoff Morgan went to the window and watched the lights of the Coast Guard as they illuminated the water while collecting the man.

The fire welcomed him once more as he sank down in a soft chair facing the warmth.

K. Woo (Gr. 8)

JOSTEN'S NATIONAL SCHOOL
SERVICES LTD.

THE DAY THE DAM BROKE

It seemed a considerably handsome looking day, with blots of elegant, though quite squat clouds, scattered over the horizon. I, Freddie MacKinnon Jr. and third sector's main drainage valve operator at the local Schmoe Enterprise's corn-oil dam of Jodyson's County, walked down the corn smelling alley to the SEE bank of the Antalowng corn oil transport canal. I checked in, then proceeded down to the main pipe room. On the way I stopped to take a peek at the pressure gauges. They showed an unusually high reading. I deduced that the probable reason was the abnormal increase in farmer corniness succeeding the great corn crisis.

Having arrived at the third sector I walked in and found myself alone. I closed the door behind me, and got to work. I then heard an overwhelming explosion which came from the floor below. This was followed by a toilet flushing like sound, then came the classic terror filled scream.

I was about to make a heroic rescue to save the day when I ran into problems of my own; a steady, though corny flow of a yellow liquid started to leak out with extreme force from a one inch crack in a pipe. After having blocked off the entire pipe, leaks began to appear like cooking popcorn. It was then, the room being half full of slimey, evil smelling corn-oil, when I realized that something had gone wrong.

I managed to get to a window above oil level then looked down the dam wall and observed cracks appearing. I was about to get out, down some unknown fire escape, when a four hundred gallon water tank fell flat on my head, knocking me unconscious. A few minutes later the entire section in which I was must have flooded, then popped open I got catapulted out of the dam's wall by oil pressure onto a sinking little rowboat travelling along the current towards a great waterfall. Somehow, while being unconscious nevertheless realized that a forty foot shark was chasing me.

When I woke up, I found myself looking down an ever nearing shark's throat. Looking up a bit, and farther away, I saw the trembling, cracked up dam with few more seconds of life. Pivoting one hundred and eighty degrees, I could see the tip of the boat going over the start of a one hundred foot drop. But just a moment! A light clippety-clop of horses hoofs could be heard, and in the distance, I sighted the Cavalry I sighed

A. Afriat (Gr. 8)

LOCKED IN A MUSEUM

I stood still glancing at the engraved words which appeared at the head of a huge medieval door: "National Wax Museum".

Slowly but quietly I opened the door which let out a startling moan. Venturing my way inside, the door let out another hideous creak which subsided as it banged shut. I stood in a room filled with

quietness, only a few odd people were wandering around. This was very strange considering that it was a busy Saturday afternoon. A bell rang in the quiet background, but I did not take any notice, for I thought it was nothing.

I walked around examining each realistic figure which occupied a corner of the museum, from the mightiest warrior to the puniest nobleman. I went to shake hands with a very stout policeman, but very soon realized that he was a wax dummy.

A constant flow of threatening silence swirled through the museum and seemed to summon each wax mannequin. This continual silence was broken by a quiet rattle of a chain followed by a click.

I raced down the hallways past every wax dummy you could imagine. I arrived only to find myself helplessly locked in, just as a criminal behind bars or an innocent animal encaged.

I sat utterly bewildered in a room of depressing melancholy and solitude. Desperately I searched and searched for a way out of this unreal nightmare. I had almost given up hope when a door appeared before my eyes and I timidly opened it. Not quite sure of myself, I cautiously sneaked in. No sooner was I in than the door shut hastily behind me again. I was imprisoned in the horrors of the dark. It was a room which seemed to be an ancient torture chamber with an assortment of grim and grotesque figures, hanging on the walls which surrounded me.

I froze with terror as a huge hole opened from the cracks of the mouldering floor. A sickening terror climbed up my spine as I peered down and down the 'devil's hole'. I gazed around trying to find a way out of this strange and horrifying place.

"Did that move?" I pondered upon this question for a few seconds until I plainly saw a masked, deformed ape man staggering over my way with his axe clutched in his grimy hands held at the ready over his head. I screamed and screamed as he forced me to stumble over to the hole. He came closer and closer until I could almost feel him. I slithered back down the hole and fell... fell... fell... hearing his terrible laugh which rang in my ears as I fell.

A bright and beautiful light flared in my eyes as my mother pulled open the curtains. I woke with a start but happily breathed a sigh of relief, saying, "it was only a dream."

My father walked into the room asking cheerfully, "would you like to go to the wax museum today?"

B. King (G.7)

TRAPPED!

I was looking at the paintings in the north end of the National Art Museum. I saw one by Van Gogh and one by Turner.

The people were slowly moving out of the museum. I had to go to the bathroom, so I quickly went inside. When I had finished I could not open the door! I kicked and pushed but I could not open it. I checked my watch; it was five to six. The museum closed at six. I kept trying and trying but still could not open it. Suddenly I heard the announcement, "Would everyone please leave the museum"!

The loud shuffling of feet could be heard, but suddenly my attention was brought to a policeman who had stepped into the bathroom, checking all of the doors. I was so scared I didn't know what to do. He checked my door and then left. The footsteps of the policeman faded away until he went out the main entrance and locked the door, creating an



+ Holmes

LE DOCTEUR

C'était froid, et, presque minuit,
Le docteur arriva tard, et dit:
"Pour Jean, c'est la fin de la vie
Quand l'horloge sonnera douze heures.
Monsieur et Madame n'ayez pas peur;
Ça se passera vite et sans douleur."
Finalement l'horloge sonna,
Mais étrangement le garçon se leva
Et très vite il s'en alla
Puis partit, chassant le docteur!

A. Afriat (Gr. 8)

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of

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SHORT STORY

Part I: The Summoning

The bell cord creaked as it rubbed against the side of the belfry and three loud clangs echoed and re-echoed several times around the walls of Castle Worming. The bell was summoning all lords and heads of state to the royal palace of King Orinth.

First came Ahan, the Ryu's Head Mapper; then came Hastings, the Admiral and a loyal friend of Fantleom. One after another, 19 other lords filed in. Only 2 were missing; they were Lord Fantleome, Marshall of Offense, and Lord Harx, the best fighter in Ryu tribe.

The missing lords were off on Fantleome's Island where Donaga was mating. Already Fantleome, Harx, Donaga and his mate were rearing two young playful dragons, although, at the moment, only Donaga was tame. Soon there would be two other large, fire-breathing dragons; in a mere 12 harvests, these young 'pups' would be full grown and worthy steeds.

It was decided that Clomé would fill in as head fighter because Harx (the best) and Fantleome (the second best) were away.

When all the lords had entered and were seated around three large rectangular tables — one for offense, one for defense, one for exploration — King Orinth addressed them:

"All do know about the constant, lurking danger; all do know it and all do fear it. Therefore I must ask Clomé and Hastings to devise together a plan to end once and for all this reign of terror surrounding us!"

With great speed Clomé and Hastings chose five other lords to help them in their task. First was Marrone, second Ahan, then Sleo, Capri and Ameatum. The seven lords hastily decided upon a plan.

Ahan, the Head Mapper, was to go with his little band to map out the wasteland and swamp surrounding Rodmar, the enemy stronghold.

Then Hastings was to go by sea with 150 ships and 1200 fully armed soldiers.

At the same time, Clomé and Marrone would lead an overland attack on the stronghold, each commanding 1200 men. Sleo was to set up camp just behind the front while Capri and Ameatum would tend the wounded and carry supplies of armour and weapons to stranded bands of men. At exactly half night, the siege of Rodmar would commence.

Part II: The Battle

As half night arrived, Clomé blew a bugle call and was answered by Hastings and Marrone; at this pre-arranged signal, pandemonium ensued — whistles blew everywhere, orders were bellowed out into the night, catapults and battering rams were hauled forward. The siege had begun.

Immediately, the heavy artillery, from land, bombarded and eventually knocked down the outer wall. Men poured from the assault ships while still others massed for a crossing of the huge moat of Rodmar with pontoon bridges. Archers positioned themselves in the woods nearby as well as behind the remaining parts of the outer wall. At the same time, 200 soldiers stormed inside Rodmar to draw the enemy out onto the plain. The ruse failed, a horn call sounded, and everyone withdrew to barracks. Guards were posted and the losses tallied: 800 dead or dying and at least another 1000 with light wounds. The first day had ended.

The three leaders held council in Clomé's tent while long range catapults continued to bombard the city with fire and stone.

When dawn broke, the horns sounded again but, before the echoes had died, the black portcullis of Rodmar opened and thousands of enemy infantry and pike men streamed out.

All 953 of Marrone's bowmen let fly repeatedly; hundreds of the enemy fell. The remainder were routed and fled in disorder into the nearby woods where more archers were waiting who picked off the terrified Rodmarians with deadly accuracy. The portcullis shut once again.

Bowmen sprang to the battlements of the inner wall; a combination of battering rams, ladders and catapults enabled Hastings' men, after hours of strenuous fighting, to overcome the resistance and to control the whole of the inner wall. The portcullis was opened, this time by Hastings men, and, with a triumphant shout, hundreds more soldiers stormed into Rodmar. The city was taken. Thus ended the second day.

Before resting, Clomé ordered his men to extinguish all fires.

The next day, the whole fortress, except for the inner walls, was razed to the ground.

King Orinth, served by dragons, ruled supreme.

John Booth (Gr. 8)

DEATH OF A DEMON LEADER

The first of Leon, the harvest month, approached. Almost every member of the Ryus could be found at the blacksmith's collecting his newly mended implements. There had not been war for almost 52 harvests; even the royal armorer and king Orinth himself were at the blacksmith's that day. Only two were missing: Fanteome, the chief of an offensive commando unit and Harx, the best fighter in that unit.

The absent men were riding on the outskirts of Twinevine, a murky forest not far from the Ryu headquarters, Castle Worming. Fanteome rode Donaga, the only tame dragon, while Harx sat upon Luthien, his favourite steed. Luthien was a large and extremely fast white stallion but Harx greatly envied Fanteome with Donaga who could fly.

"I think there is trouble brewing," commented Harx.

"Oh, why do you say that?" asked Fanteome.

"People are becoming too carefree and there has not been war in Twinevine for 52 harvests," Harx reasoned.

"You're right. I'll organize a sortie. We leave tomorrow. Be at the stables at half night and tell your four mates," said Fanteome. With that he patted Donaga and was off. Harx and Luthien rode swiftly towards Castle Worming.

The next day, the five waited restlessly until Fanteome appeared on Donaga and, waving goodbye to onlookers (a few, even at that hour), the

seven rode off towards Twinevine.

Fanteome led, followed by Tookly, Bohemir, Lansien, Clome and Harx, in that order.

Soon they were deep within the forest riding in silence and gloom. Suddenly, goblins materialized around them, leaping, running, tearing, slashing; Fanteome fought back with Lightlore, his favourite sword. Donaga melted them with his breath. Harx, Clome and the rest dismounted to fight and for a while were almost overcome with the shrieking hordes of goblins as they swung wildly; the slaughter of goblins was great.

Donaga rose, with Fanteome, and, circling, searched for the goblin headquarters. They found it and Donaga unhesitatingly descended into the gloom to land right in front of the Goblin King, Kazn. Fanteome swung his sword but missed. As Kazn leapt, he swung again and felt Lightlore connect; instantly, Kazn screamed and began to shrivel while gore spewed out of the wound.

It was all over. Goblins disappeared into air and Fanteome rushed back to his companions to find that Bohemir and Lansien were dead and the others were severely wounded — except for Harx. Somehow the little group made their way, with their dead and wounded, back to Castle Worming to report their victory.

J. Booth (Gr. 8)

THE HUNTER

The old wolf peered out of his cave at the pale yellow sun as it rose over the snow-capped hills. It had been a cold, lean winter month, and there was still no prospect of a change in the weather. The wolf left the cave and his nose quivered as he sniffed the frosty air. He shook his shaggy grey coat to clean it from the dirt and snow it had gathered and set off down the slope. It looked like a good day for hunting, if only the weather would warm up a little. The wolf listened and looked and presently discovered animal tracks which were not much bigger than a squirrel's or rabbit's. The tracks were not very old so the wolf followed them hopefully for fifteen minutes feeling the cold penetrate. He heard a scratching and scuffling behind a rock; the wolf crept up to it and suddenly sprang over it.

The squirrel behind the rock chattered shrilly and whisked away across the snow with the wolf close behind. The rodent scrambled up the trunk of a pine tree, and among the foliage he found refuge from the terrible shaggy monster. The wolf jumped and snapped at the squirrel as it climbed but missed by a few inches. He stared hungrily up at the little creature in the tree with his eyes blazing and his tongue hanging out. But it was evident that the squirrel would not come down for a long time. The wolf left the tree and loped off.

Some time later, the wolf came across a rabbit lying in the snow. It struggled for a moment but

was unable to escape and it lay quite exhausted. The wolf did not have to see the blood-stained snow around the animal's leg to know that the animal was trapped. A scar on the wolf's right hand leg reminded him of a trap which had almost claimed his life; now he was older and wiser. He sniffed at the area before him suspiciously, then turned around and kicked some snow over the spot. There was a sharp 'click' and a sprung trap exposed itself beside the rabbit.

The wolf turned and faced the trap again. A few moments later, he confidently went forward and helped himself to the rabbit. He also found a couple of meat chunks.

The wolf left to hunt elsewhere. He searched about all day, but it was not until evening that he heard other wolves howling over a distant hill. The wolf bolted for the area to see what was up. He stopped at the top of a hill to survey the situation.

The other wolves had attacked and pulled down a good-sized deer. Now they had eaten their fill and were signalling to other carnivores that there was a kill. They backed off as the old wolf came down and let him eat. He finished off the carcass and for the rest of the night they romped and played about.

Just before dawn the old wolf left to return to his den. It had been a good day and a night and he would not have to hunt for a long time.

J. Bociek

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THE RESCUE

The wind blew furiously tormenting the trees like bees in a hive; it played in a frenzy, shattering the trees. A deep fresh layer of crystal snow lay drifting all around the threatened trees; the bitter wind and the drifting snow meant there was another winter at hand.

I quickly poked my nose in and out of the snow as any wolf would do in search of food. But I was wasting my time because the food had been taken by some other desparate animal. I stood alone in the snow. All of a sudden, a small rabbit went scampering clumsily across the icy snow. I gave chase determined to catch it. I grew excited, courageous, and I felt like one of my ancestors in need of food. But in my path was an iron trap buried beneath the snow. I did not know it was there when, 'snap!' — its iron teeth caught my hind leg. The rabbit disappeared behind a snowdrift and was gone.

I lay still, in pain. The mouth of the trap glanced a sort of grotesque grin which increased the pain. The chilling wind tortured my limp, broken leg . . . Day turned to night and then another painful day.

My howling brought the attention of a man close by. He pulled out a strange kind of mechanism into which he talked. Then he was gone and again I was left alone. Soon I heard the strange noise of a machine which turned out to be a truck. When it arrived, some people got out with a bag of tools. I lay still, awaiting my death. Surprisingly, they set to work on the iron 'jaws' which I could not bear. When my leg was free, they quickly bandaged it up and then laid me on a soft piece of fabric. I was placed comfortably in the truck and driven off.

When I reached my destination I saw many other animals, who were in cages, some asleep, some awake. They, too, had been taken in and cared for. I was fed, kept warm, but most of all, I was cared for. I was very grateful for what they had done. When the wound caused by the ugly trap was healed I was taken back to my homeland. For that was where I belonged.

If the Humane Society hadn't come to my aid, I would have died in the forest in the bitter cold of winter with my leg broken from the trap. The Humane Society comes to the rescue of many lost animals each year; if it did not, many animals would have died of hunger and cold.

If animals could speak, you would see how grateful they are for the help of the Humane Society.

Brian King (Gr. 7)

THE GHOST OF ASHBURY

As one of the new boarders at Ashbury, I was subjected to the pranks of the old boys. They used to ask me if I had ever heard of the 'Ghost of Ashbury'. I hadn't and the prospect of meeting the school spectre was not charming. I asked for more details about the ghost. As the story goes, the ghost visits the chapel to beg forgiveness for his sin which had been the tormenting of a young school mate causing the boy to commit suicide. My imagination vividly formed the picture of a bluish figure wailing and crying. I resolved not to be tempted into meeting it.

Time and time again I was dared to go the chapel at night, but I stood firm and refused. Finally I was called a coward. This drove me to the point of no return.

"I'm not afraid of the ghost," I yelled. "I'll go the chapel tonight!"

That night, after wondering whether being called a coward was so bad, I waited until lights-out. I slowly inched open the door and went forth, armed only with a flashlight, to meet the ghost.

Slowly I went down the stairs, alert and very scared. I passed classrooms that seemed so harmless in the day but were not terrifying. I stopped at the base of the chapel stairs, choking on my heart. From up the stairs, I had heard a wail! Psychiatrists say that curiosuty is one of the strongest emotions. I believe it. It was not courage that drew me up the stairs.

I turned the doorknob and eased open the door.

The first thing I saw was the grinning face of a boarder.

"He ain't such a coward after all!" yelled one of them.

"Congratulations," said another. "You've been initiated."

The truth dawned on me: all this had been a ploy to test my courage. I went through the stages of anger, indignation, relief and then laughter.

I was now a member of the Ashbury boarders.

D. Gualtieri (gr. 7)

HUMANE SOCIETY WINNERS

Grade 6: Robert Benoit, Mark Bulmer, Raj Dilawri, Michael Jones, Philip Kelly, Sharif Khan, Edward Maywood, Edgar Rechnitzer, Gregory Shirley, Gregory Saumier-Finch. Grade 7: Brian King (placed first), and Jimmie Gardner (placed third). Grade 8: Mike Holmes (placed second).

THE CHICKEN

Once upon a mealtime boring,
While I sat there, almost snoring,
While my roast beef sat in kitchen,
While the cook played solitaire;
While I sat there, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping -
Rapping at the kitchen door;
Only this (yawn), and nothing more.

While I sat there, nearly sleeping,
Suddenly I heard a weeping -
And it was a weeping never heard
by human ears before -
So I looked behind the door;

To my surprise I saw a chicken -
A solitary, weeping chicken.
And I asked the chicken why it cried
behind the kitchen door.
Quoth the chicken: "Apple cores."

As I sat there with the chicken,
I started thinking of the kitchen;
Would my dinner never come
From behind those kitchen doors?
I asked my very nobby chicken
Of the food behind those doors.
Quoth the chicken: "Apple cores."

"Shut your trap, you stupid chicken!"
And I dashed into the kitchen;
Whereupon I threw the cook
Into a pile of apple cores -
Only this (yawn), what a bore!

And the chicken, always boring,
Still is snoring, still is snoring
On a pile of apple cores - rotten cores!
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a chicken that is dreaming,
 Dreaming quietly
Behind those kitchen doors -
On a pile of apple cores.

Nick Davies

LOVE

Love is like a rainbow,
So beautiful and smooth.
Love is like the sunshine,
It shines for evermore.
Love is like a flower,
It grows with color and beauty.
Love is like the seasons,
Changing more and more.
Love is like a letter,
For it brings people together.
Love is more than a feeling,
It's a part of you forever.

- G. Lang - Grade 6.

THE TRAVELLER

His face was ugly,
Worn by the weather, -
Wrinkled and dry.

His hair was matted,
And was very long and dirty, -
Bleached by the sun.

The dirty clothes he wore
Were ragged and torn, -
Patched in places.

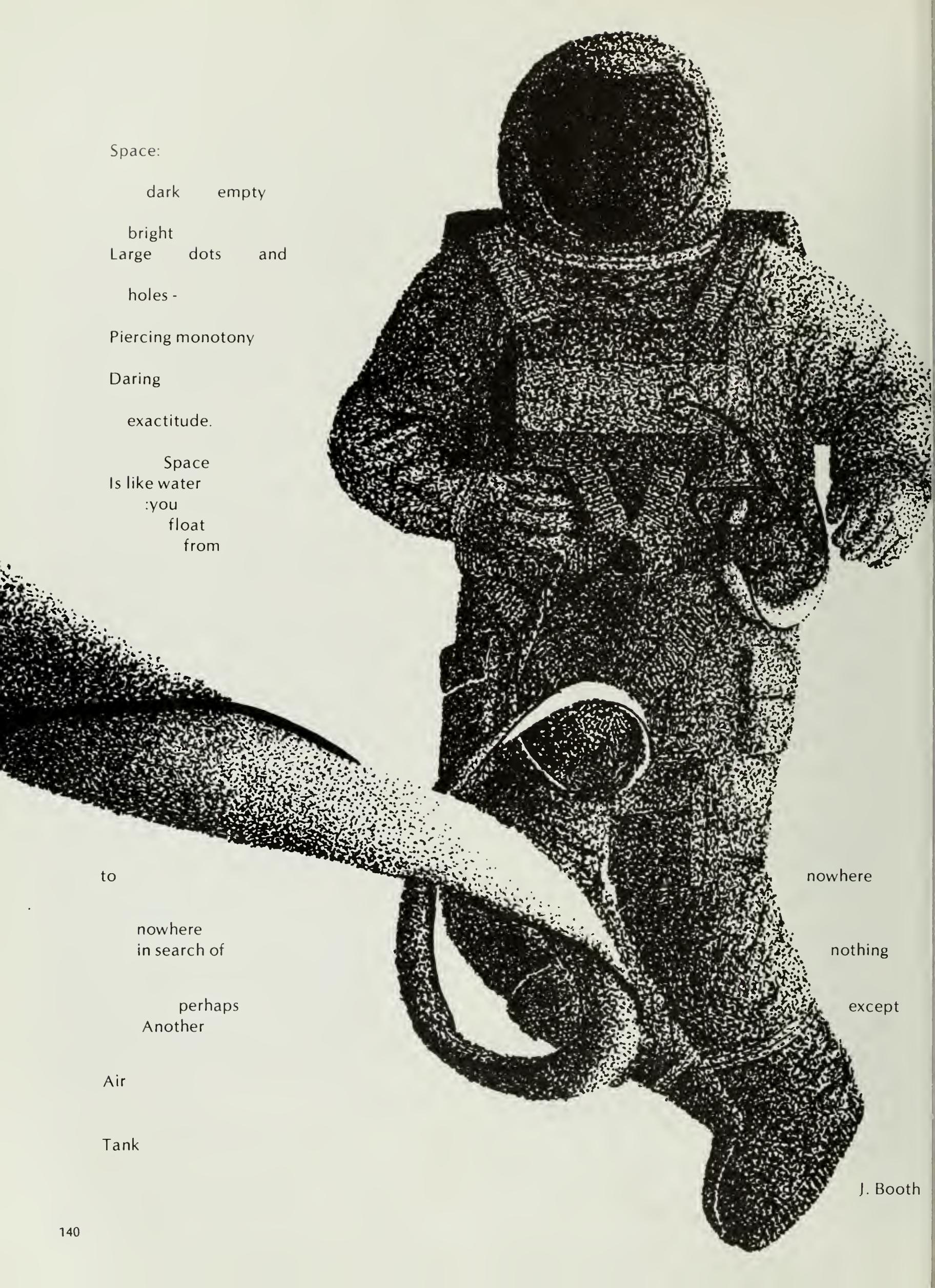
By the looks of it,
His boots were once black -
But were now covered by mud.

M.S. Bulmer - Grade 6.

NIGHT AT THE BEACH

I look to the sky
To see the stars wandering by.
Though the night is old,
Behold,
The moon, waning on high,
Casting a silver light
Through the grass in which I lie.

- Paul Hughes - Grade 5.



Space:

dark empty

bright
Large dots and
holes -

Piercing monotony

Daring

exactitude.

Space
Is like water
:you
float
from

to

nowhere

nowhere
in search of

nothing

perhaps
Another

except

Air

Tank

J. Booth

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ACTIVITIES

The choir practices for a half-hour every Thursday during Form period, and every Friday in chapel. Mr. Thomas drilled us well for the Nine Lesson carol service — even though everyone in the choir was kicked out of practice at least once.

Being in the choir was a lot of fun — we got free drinks after every Sunday performance, and extra house points and we had a great get-together at Descoteaux's. Thanks to the Descoteaux for a really fun party. This year's choir was a pretty good thing. Gary Butler

Ashbury's Junior School Public Speaking Contest was very successful this year. John Booth of grade 8A came third with a talk on energy; Andrew Thomas of 7K placed second with a speech on computers; Brian King won the day talking about cross-country skiing. Everyone in the contest, winners and runners-up, are to be congratulated for their efforts.

Messrs. Rice, Polk, and Thomas judged the competition. Thanks go to them for their time, interest and expertise in performing this difficult task. Good luck to next year's contestants. Brian King.

We left Ashbury on a dark, warm night. We arrived at the Babbitt's and quickly changed into our costumes. Trays of sandwiches, cheese, biscuits, and fruit were set out on the table. We stuffed ourselves.

The contest came next. Prizes were given for the most original and the most comical costumes. The excitement grew as we started the hunt for precious Hallowe'en candies. Provided with bags, we started off in all directions; we were out for an hour and a half. We came back with bags filled to the brim, and started right away to count and separate our share. After everyone returned, we played some games. It was getting late, and we all had to change and head back to school.

Many thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt for a really enjoyable and successful evening. Gregory Finch

Once again, this Halowe'en, U.N.I.C.E.F. benefited from the efforts of the junior school students. Ghosts, monsters, hobos and assorted other creatures of the night brought back to the school more than \$175 for this charity. In this, "the Year of the Child" we are all proud of our contribution. D.C.P.

The annual ski weekend was held during the winter half-term break, February 8 to February 12. Thirteen Ashbury boys and three Elmwood girls paid the \$140 fee, along with Mrs. O'Brien from Elmwood, and Mr. Valentine and Mr. Beedell from Ashbury.

We stayed at the Caribou Lodge, a renovated cottage owned by a European lady. The lodge was only a five - or ten - minute drive from the ski hills.

I was surprised by the number of people there were during our first day at Mont Tremblant; it was 35 below and dropping. But the skiing was good, and it was bright and sunny all the time. We had to wait in long lines at the cafeteria, the ticket booths and the lifts. Everyone managed to get in about nine or ten good runs.

Aside from one or two minor mishaps, we enjoyed ourselves very much. Special thanks to Mr. Dilawri for the use of the van, Mr. and Mrs. Pariseau for the accommodations, and to the three teachers who went with us.

Sanjay Prakash

On Friday, April 6, the boys of grades seven and eight (and some Elmwood grade eights) collected donations for the Canadian Cancer Society.

It was a snowy day, and very cold — a lot of people stayed indoors. There were enough to make it worth our while; we collected \$4,500. In spite of the cold and snow, we had fun and served a good cause.

Jeff Downey

Mr. Polk's poetry book has been the Grade 6 text for many years. In his introduction he points out that an appreciation of poetry is not confined to gentle, non-athletic boys, any more than is an appreciation of music.

Perhaps his judgment is justified in the interest which Juniors take in the yearly Poetry Reading Contest.

The contest was held this year in May, and, after thanking judges, Mr. Polk asked the assembled Junior School how many had entered the eliminations; about three-quarters of the boys raised their hands.

These were the finalists: Bulmer and Jones (Grade 6), Baird and Saunders (Grade 7L), MacDonald and McKinney (Grade 7K), Gaultieri and Spencer (Grade 7A), Abrahams and Flam (Grade 8), Booth and Wood (Grade 8A).

The first prize went to Gaultieri, 2nd and 3rd to Booth and Woods, with a "highly commended" from the judges for MacDonald.

It seemed suitable that the judges were Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Varley, respectively Heads of the Music and Art Departments.

The 20th Annual Ashbury College Junior School Chess Tournament included almost the entire Junior School in the Form eliminations. Form winners were: Daniels (5), Jones (6), Saunders (7L), Marsden (7K), Spencer (7A), Natterer (8), Edmonds (8A). The winner was Bobbie Spencer (7A)!

Ashbury thanks Mr. R.E. Blasius who has donated the Prize for the past few years; this is a handsomely bound collection of Znosko-Borovsky's three volume work on chess.

D.L.P.

Ashbury was the first of the thirty participating teams to arrive at the meet. The weather was ideal and the ground wasn't wet. There were three categories, two of which we entered.

The juniors were the first to confront the gruelling 1.6 miles and did remarkably well. Alec Maclaren was the star in the intermediate run, as he came fourth out of the 128 competitors. The three seniors, Joe McMahon, Patrick Murray and Libo Habets tried to the best of their ability and placed well. Ashbury, in the overall standings, placed a fantastic fourth out of all the schools.

Patrick Murray

Although the Softball Team only played two games this year, the team gained valuable experience in strategy and defensive play. Considering that the majority of the players were in grade 7, it is likely that next season we shall fare somewhat better.

The away game at L.C.C. was exciting and, despite the score (7-2) was closely fought. In the last inning, the typing run was 'on deck'. The traditional "Old Boys" game was another matter.

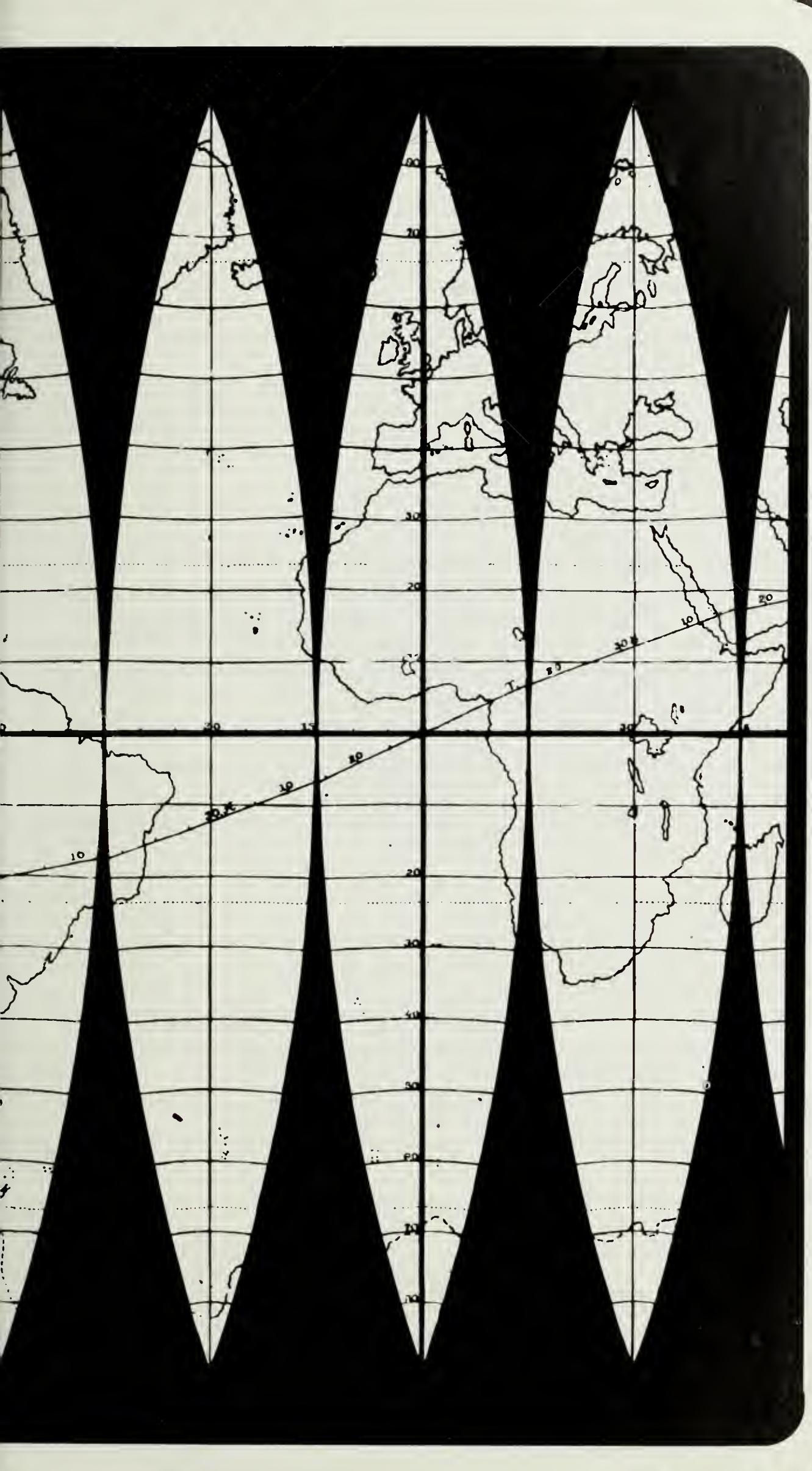
I was most pleased with the attitude and execution of the boys and they are to be congratulated for their efforts.

D.C.P.





**REVIEW
FOR
1870**



NEWS AND EVENTS

1978

SEPTEMBER

Muhammad Ali defeats Leon Spinks to regain world heavyweight title for the third time.
Conclusion of preliminary talks on Mid-East peace at Camp David, Maryland.
5-day Postal Strike in Canada
Conservatives under John Buchanan elected in Nova Scotia.
P.S.A. jetliner collides with light plane over San Diego; 150 die in worst U.S. aviation disaster.
Sudbury nickel workers go out on strike
Pope John-Paul I dies after 32 days in office.

OCTOBER

Federal by-elections in Ontario, Quebec and Newfoundland; incumbent Liberals lose 13 of 15.
Pope John-Paul II elected; first Polish pope.
New York Yankees defeat Los Angeles Dodgers to win 75th World Series.
C.U.P.W. leaders jailed for defiance of government back-to-work order
Sadat and Begin share Nobel Peace Prize.

NOVEMBER

JANUARY

Bank rate up to 11.25%; seventh rise in one-year period; previous January rate was 7.5%
Hudson's Bay Company gains control of Simpson's; Bay given roughly 60% share of Canadian department store trade.
Shahpour Bakhtiar forms 'progressive democratic' government in Iran as Shah steps down.
480 companies moving or planning to move from Quebec.
Vietnam invades Cambodia (Kampuchea).
Trucker's strike in Britain
Rene Levesque visits Washington.
Edward Schreyer sworn in as Canada's 22nd Governor-General

FEBRUARY

John-Paul II visits Mexico.

Edmonton Eskimos defeat Montreal Alouettes to win Grey Cup.
Menachem Begin visits Ottawa.
Norman Rockwell dies
Fire at Place Bell Canada in Ottawa; 24 injured.
Massacre at Jonestown, Guyana; 400 dead, 600 missing; Dead include American congressman Leo Ryan and CBS television camera crew.

DECEMBER

Margaret Trudeau film "The Guardian Angel" premieres in Montreal; unauspicious debut.
Rioting in India over jailing of Indira Gandhi on political corruption charges; 20 dead, thousands arrested.
Chicago man admits to sex-murders of 32 young boys.
Order of Canada awarded; Canadian ambassador to France Gerard Pelletier, Donald Sutherland, Andre Gagnon, Diane Jones Konikowski, Gordon Fairweather, Peter C. Newman among 64 recipients.
U.S. announces full diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China; cuts ties with Taiwan.
O.P.E.C. levies 14.5% price increase on exported oil.
75th anniversary of the Teddy bear.
Martial law declared in Turkey.
In Ottawa area, ten weeks of roller-disco linked in over 100 injuries.

1979

Ayatollah Khomeini returns from exile in France to assume control in Iran, Bakhtiar resigns, replaced by Mehdi Bazargan.
U.S. President Jimmy Carter meets with Mexican president Lopez Portillo in Mexico City to seek oil deal; harsh words exchanged.
China invades Vietnam; Chinese forces penetrate to 19 km inside Sino-Vietnamese border.
Egypto-Israeli peace talks resume at Camp David.

MARCH

Elections in Spain; Adolfo Suarez and Democratic Centre Union Party re-elected; Second poll since death of Franco in 1975.
Tanzanian and Ugandan rebel forces invade Uganda.
Intense fighting around Vietnamese provincial capital of Lang Son; Chinese withdraw.
Three Mile Island nuclear power plant near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, involved in near-disaster.

APRIL

Prince Charles in Canada for six-day tour
Margaret Trudeau memoirs, "Beyond Reason", published
Zulkifar Ali Bhutto hanged in Islamabad, Pakistan.
Entebbe airport seized by Tanzanians; Idi Amin's last tie to outside world cut.
Six million dollars worth of traveller's cheques stolen in heist from Alta Vista postal terminal in Ottawa.
Forces loyal to Idi Amin go on killing rampage in Uganda.
Aluminum wiring class action suit launched in Toronto.
Extreme rise in Red River causes heavy flooding in Manitoba.

MAY

Claude Ryan, Quebec Liberal leader, elected to National Assembly in riding of Argenteuil.
Safety of nuclear plant at Rolphton, Ontario, brought into question.
Margaret Thatcher elected Prime Minister of Britain.
British Columbia Social Credit premier Bill Bennett re-elected with reduced majority.
'Great Debate' of Canadian federal political party leaders proves inconclusive.
Montreal Canadiens defeat New York Rangers to win Stanley Cup for the fourth time running.
Federal General election in Canada; Progressive Conservatives under Joe Clark form minority government; final standings:

Progressive Conservative:	136
Liberals:	114
New Democrats:	26
Social Credit:	6

American Airlines DC-10 crashes on take-off from Chicago's O'Hare airport; 271 dead, total surpasses San Diego disaster to make incident worst U.S. aviation disaster.

JUNE

National Arts Centre celebrates tenth anniversary.
John-Paul II visits Poland, Mixes politics with religion
Joe Clark sworn in as Prime Minister; Pierre Trudeau resigns to become Leader of the Opposition.
John Vorster resigns in disgrace from South African presidency over promotion scandal.
Controversy rages over possible move of Canadian embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem.
Dredging fraud case resolved; top executives in Canadian dredging companies fined and jailed.
1.5 litre bottles explosive if tipped; findings of various Canadian consumer organizations.

The Ashburian gratefully acknowledges the research facilities and materials provided by:

The Citizen

to help in the preparation of this section.

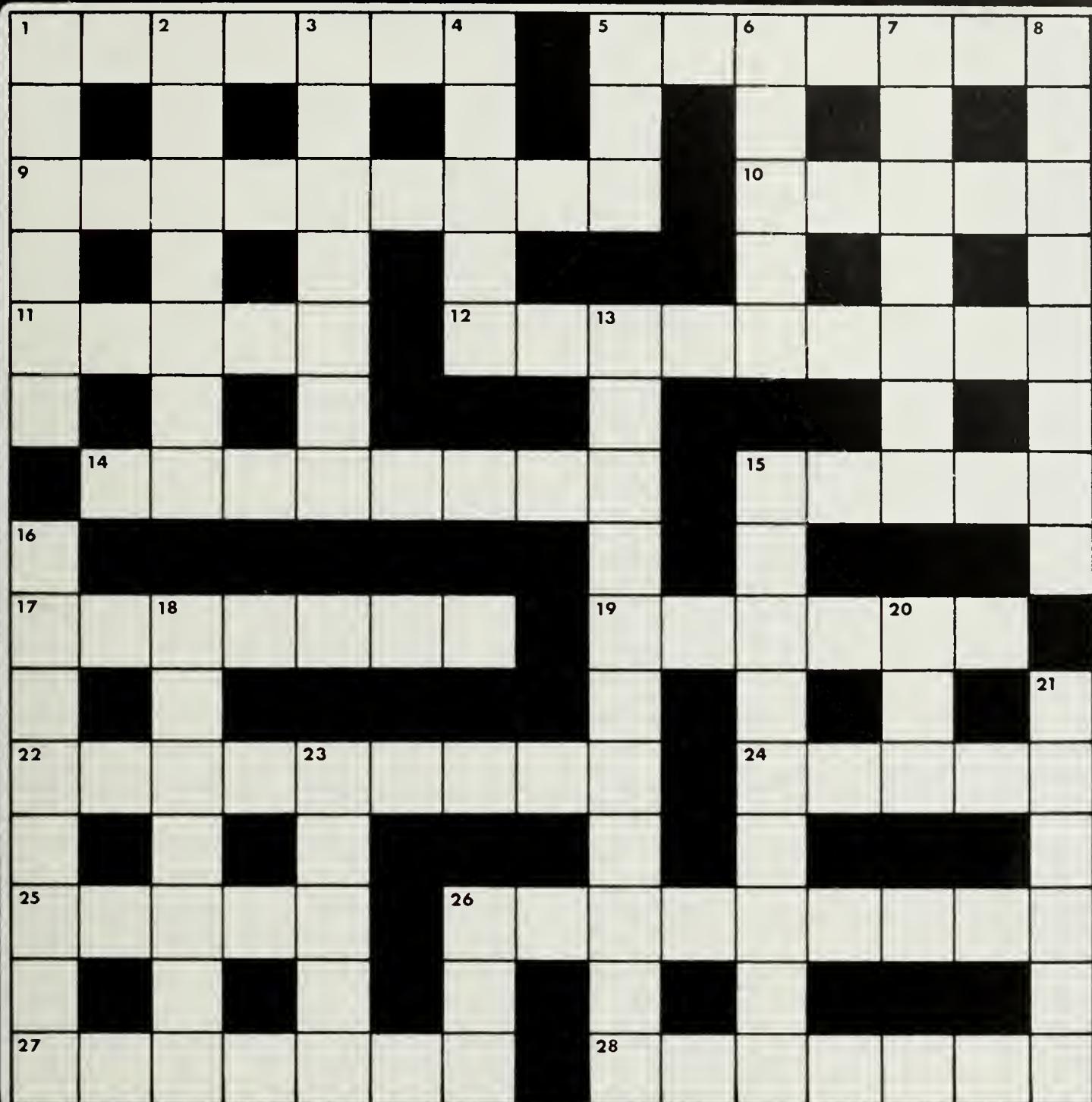
THE FIRST ANNUAL ASHBURY COLLEGE CROSSWORD COMPETITION

ACROSS

1. Welsh, or possibly amusing errors (7)
5. Rash buy, perhaps, for a school (7)
9. E.B. Ronald's cheese? (9)
10. Private French (5)
11. I do it awkwardly, stupid! (5)
12. Contraction or warning maybe? (9)
14. Want a bright lad? try Sambo (5,3)
15. (see 2 down)
17. School in low mode (7)
19. Nice directions muddled for relatives (6)
22. Ignorance is two directions to knowledge (9)
24. Sprightly dance in viceregal operahouse (5)
25. Grins lecherously-and reels about (5)
26. Pass different green for traveller (9)
27. Resists confused nuns (7)
28. A tan in N.W.T.? see Matron (3,4)

DOWN

1. Hit Bob for a junior (6)
2. Pear, and happiness at church for leader (7,5)
3. Was this old German prince a voter? (7)
4. She's American, poles apart (5)
5. Scotland's own (3)
6. Hi, Pop! you muddled beast! (5)
7. Useful thing, public service (7)
8. They go with maidens, according to psalm 148 (5, 3)
13. Gleam and -er- offspring for athlete (3,8)
15. Vehicle by lawn for Chaplain (4,5)
16. Len likes arrangement for director (3,5)
18. Overcomes the staff? (7)
20. It's slippery in feeling (3)
21. Rips it for February week (6)
23. Students' union may be blessed with it (5)
26. Drink up, but not this nasty fluid! (3)



HOW TO WIN

Entries (a photocopy of the completed puzzle, including your name, address and telephone number) should be submitted to Mr. A.C. Thomas at 362 Mariposa Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, K1M 0T3 by December 31, 1979. A \$10 record token will be awarded to the first correct solution drawn on December 31. All members of the Ashburian staff and their immediate families are not eligible for the prize drawing.

FINAL DEADLINE: DECEMBER 31, 1979

FADS AND TRENDS

THE TOP 100 OF 1978

1. Night Fever	Bee Gees	51. Rock and Roll Cowboys	Cooper Brothers
2. Stayin' Alive	Bee Gees	52. Love Will Find A Way	Pablo Cruise
3. Emotion	Samantha Sang	53. Reminiscing	Little River Band
4. You're The One That I Want	Travolta/Newton-John	54. You Don't Bring Me Flowers	Streisand/Diamond
5. Music Box Dancer	Frank Mills	55. Survival	Marc Jordan
6. You Needed Me	Anne Murray	56. Just The Way You Are	Billy Joel
7. Three Times a Lady	Commodores	57. Here You Come Again	Dolly Parton
8. Boogie Oogie Oogie	A Taste of Honey	58. My Way	Elvis Presley
9. Hot Child in the City	Nick Gilder	59. Still The Same	Bob Seger
10. Grease	Frankie Valli	60. Life's Been Good	Joe Walsh
11. Baker Street	Gerry Rafferty	61. Jack and Jill	Raydio
12. Kiss You All Over	Exile	62. Double Vision	Foreigner
13. Shadow Dancing	Andy Gibb	63. Put Your Head On My Shoulder	Leif Garrett
14. If I Can't Have You	Yvonne Elliman	64. Let's All Chant	Michael Zager Band
15. You're In My Heart	Rod Stewart	65. Macho Man	Village People
16. Goodbye Girl	David Gates	66. Baby, What A Big Surprise	Chicago
17. Hopelessly Devoted To You	Olivia Newton-John	67. Beast of Burden	Rolling Stones
18. You and I	Rick James	68. Feels So Good	Chuck Mangione
19. Mull of Kintyre	Paul McCartney and Wings	69. Lay Down Sally	Eric Clapton
20. Dancin' Fever	Claudja Barry	70. Ready To Take A Chance Again	Barry Manilow
21. The Closer I Get To You	Flack/Hathaway	71. Magnet and Steel	Walter Egan
22. Two Out Of Three Ain't Bad	Meat Loaf	72. Don't Look Back	Boston
23. Dust In The Wind	Kansas	73. Walk Right Back	Anne Murray
24. MacArthur Park	Donna Summer	74. Take A Chance On Me	Abba
25. I Will Still Love You	Stonebolt	75. You Never Done It Like That	Captain and Tennille
26. It's A Heartache	Bonnie Tyler	76. Thank You For Being A Friend	Andrew Gold
27. Slip Slidin' Away	Paul Simon	77. Right Down The Line	Gerry Rafferty
28. Shame	Evelyn "Champagne" King	78. The Circle Is Small	Gordon Lightfoot
29. I Can't Stand The Rain	Eruption	79. We're All Alone	Rita Coolidge
30. We Will Rock You/We Are The Champions	Queen	80. Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood	Santa Esmeralda
31. With A Little Luck	Paul McCartney and Wings	81. Imaginary Lover	Atlanta Rythm Section
32. (Love Is) Thicker Than Water	Andy Gibb	82. Took The Last Train	David Gates
33. Disco Inferno	The Trammps	83. Baby Come Back	Player
34. Dance, Dance, Dance	Chic	84. Dance With Me	Peter Brown
35. Break It To Them Gently	Burton Cummings	85. Think It Over	Cheryl Ladd
36. Last Dance	Donna Summer	86. Wonderful World	Garfunkel/Simon/Taylor
37. I Just Wanna Stop	Gino Vanelli	87. If You Love Me Like You Say You Love Me	A.F. Brooks
38. Sweet Misery	Teaze	88. Bluer Than Blue	Michael Johnson
39. Whenever I Call You Friend	Kenny Loggins	89. (Fool) If You Think It's Over	Chris Rea
40. Summer Nights	Travolta/Newton-John	90. Desiree	Neil Diamond
41. You Make Lovin' Fun	Fleetwood Mac	91. Round, Round We Go	Trooper
42. Paradise By The Dashboard Light	Meat Loaf	92. She Did It	Eric Carmen
43. Morricone	Black Light Orchestra	93. Out Of The Blue	The Band
44. Miss You	Rolling Stones	94. The Name Of The Game	Abba
45. Love Is In The Air	Martin Stevens	95. She's Always A Woman	Billy Joel
46. Too Much, Too Little, Too Late	Mathis/Williams	96. You Belong To Me	Carly Simon
47. How Deep Is Your Love	Bee Gees	97. The Way I Feel Tonight	Bay City Rollers
48. Turn To Stone	Electric Light Orchestra	98. Spaceship Superstar	Prism
49. Hot Blooded	Foreigner	99. Your Smiling Face	James Taylor
50. Copacabana	Barry Manilow	100. Peg	Steely Dan

THE TOP 10 ALBUMS OF 1978

1. Saturday Night Fever	Original Soundtrack	6. Live And More	Donna Summer
2. Bat Out Of Hell	Meat Loaf	7. Don't Look Back	Boston
3. Grease	Movie Soundtrack	8. City To City	Gerry Rafferty
4. Some Girls	Rolling Stones	9. Natural High	Commodores
5. The Stranger	Billy Joel	10. News Of The World	Queen

Top 100 and Top 10 courtesy of

CFRA 58

THE 10 BEST MOVIES OF 1979

1. A Wedding	Robert Altman	7. Invasion of the Body-Snatchers	Philip Kaufman
2. An Unmarried Woman	Paul Mazursky	8. Magic	Richard Attenborough
3. Coming Home	Hal Ashby	9. The Big Fix	Jeremy Kagan
4. Foul Play	Colin Higgins	10. The Lacemaker	Claude Goretta
5. Girl Friends	Claudia Weill		
6. Heaven Can Wait	Warren Beatty		

This list was compiled by Noel Taylor for The Ottawa Citizen. The order of movies is alphabetical and does not indicate any preference.

THE OSCARS

Best Picture	The Deer Hunter (M. Cimino)
Best Actor	John Voight (Coming Home)
Best Actress	Jane Fonda (Coming Home)
Best Supporting Actor	Christopher Walken (The Deer Hunter)
Best Supporting Actress	Maggie Smith (California Suite)
Best Director	Michael Cimino (The Deer Hunter)
Best Foreign Language Film	Get Out Your Handkerchiefs
Best Original Song	Last Dance (Donna Summer; Thank God it's Friday)
Best Achievement in Short Animated Films	Special Delivery (National Film Board of Canada)

THE BEST-SELLING BOOKS OF 1978

FICTION

1. The Silmarillion	Tolkien
2. The Holcroft Covenant	Ludlum
3. Bloodline	Sheldon
4. Thorn Birds	McCullough
5. Gnomes	Huygen
6. Chesapeake	Michener
7. Scruples	Krantz
8. Human Factor	Garner
9. Act of God	Templeton
10. The Honourable Schoolboy	LeCarre

NON-FICTION

1. The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady	Holden
2. The Complete Book of Running	Fixx
3. If Life is A Bowl of Cherries — What am I doing in the Pits?	Bombeck
4. Trudeau	Radwanski
5. The Brendan Voyage	Severin
6. E.P. Taylor	Rohmer
7. All of Baba's Children	Kostash
8. Pulling Your Own Strings	Dyer
9. Dear Me	Ustinov
10. All Things Wise and Wonderful	Herriot

Best-Seller List Courtesy of:



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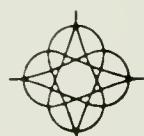
Billy Joel	Supertramp	Frank Mills
Eagles	Yes	Beach Boys
Village People	Dan Hill	Doucette
Cheap Trick	Shirley Eikhard	Kenny Rogers
Chris De Burgh	Valdy	Blue Oyster Cult
Burton Cummings	Cooper Bros.	Linda Ronstadt

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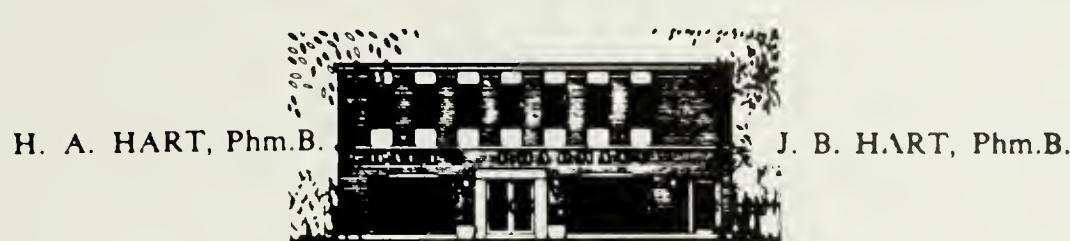
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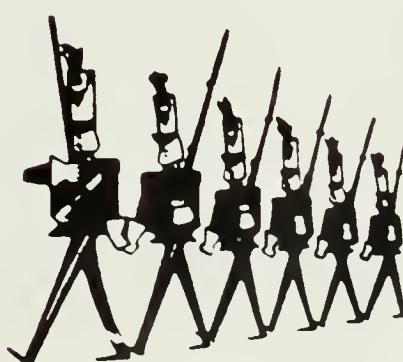


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Martin, Peter Charles
Aylmer Road, R.R. # 2, Aylmer E. P.Q. J9H 5E1
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Matthews II, Sky Bruce
Kingsmere, Old Chelsea, P.Q. J0X 2N0.
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3H1.

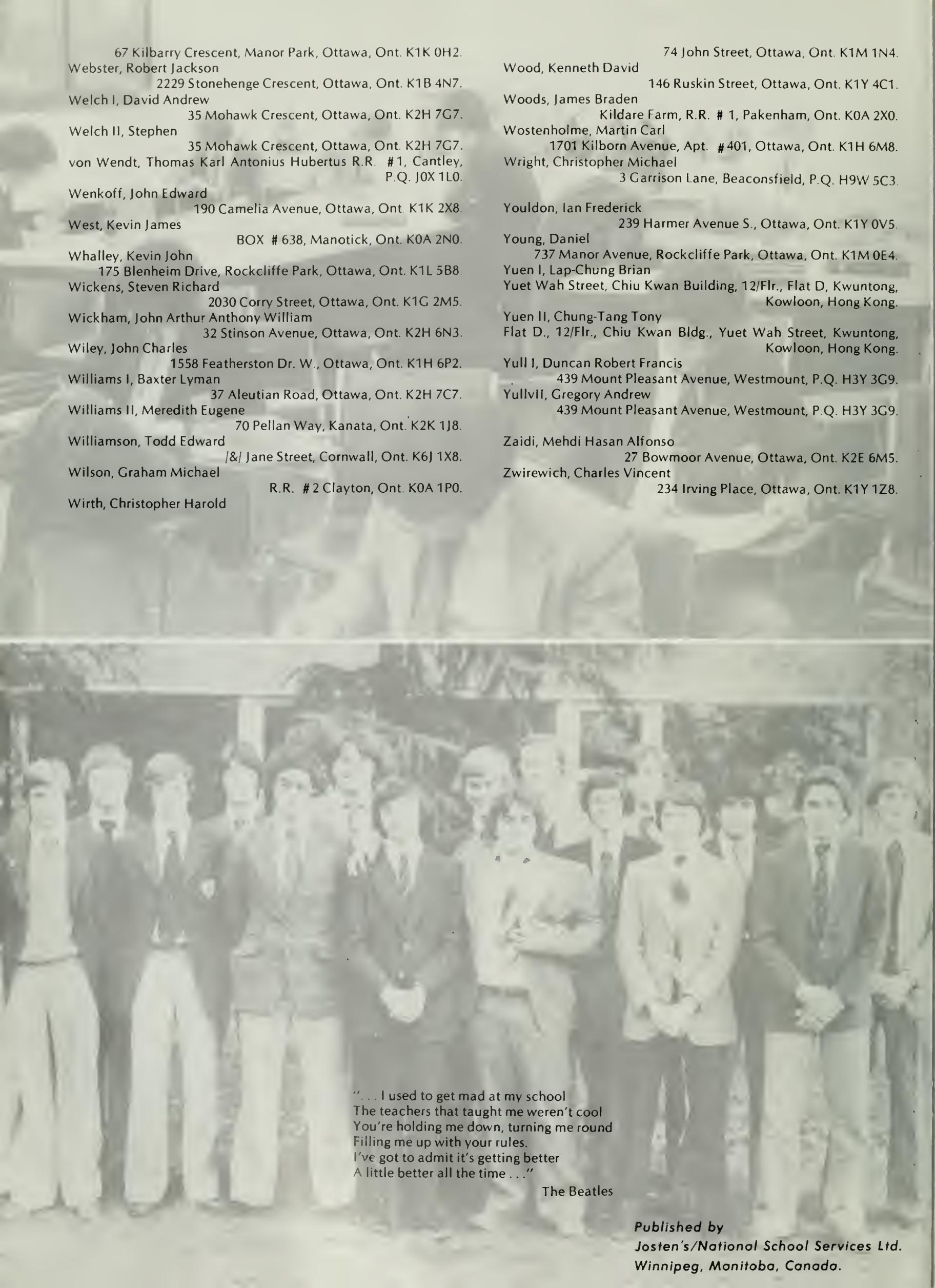
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"... I used to get mad at my school
The teachers that taught me weren't cool
You're holding me down, turning me round
Filling me up with your rules.
I've got to admit it's getting better
A little better all the time . . ."

The Beatles

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